

GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG,

—BY—

E. B. Hoffman,
J. H. Penney, and
B. E. Hudson.

FOR REVIVAL, GOSPEL, PRAYER AND PRAISE
MEETINGS, FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL
AND HOME CIRCLE.

ALLIANCE, O.

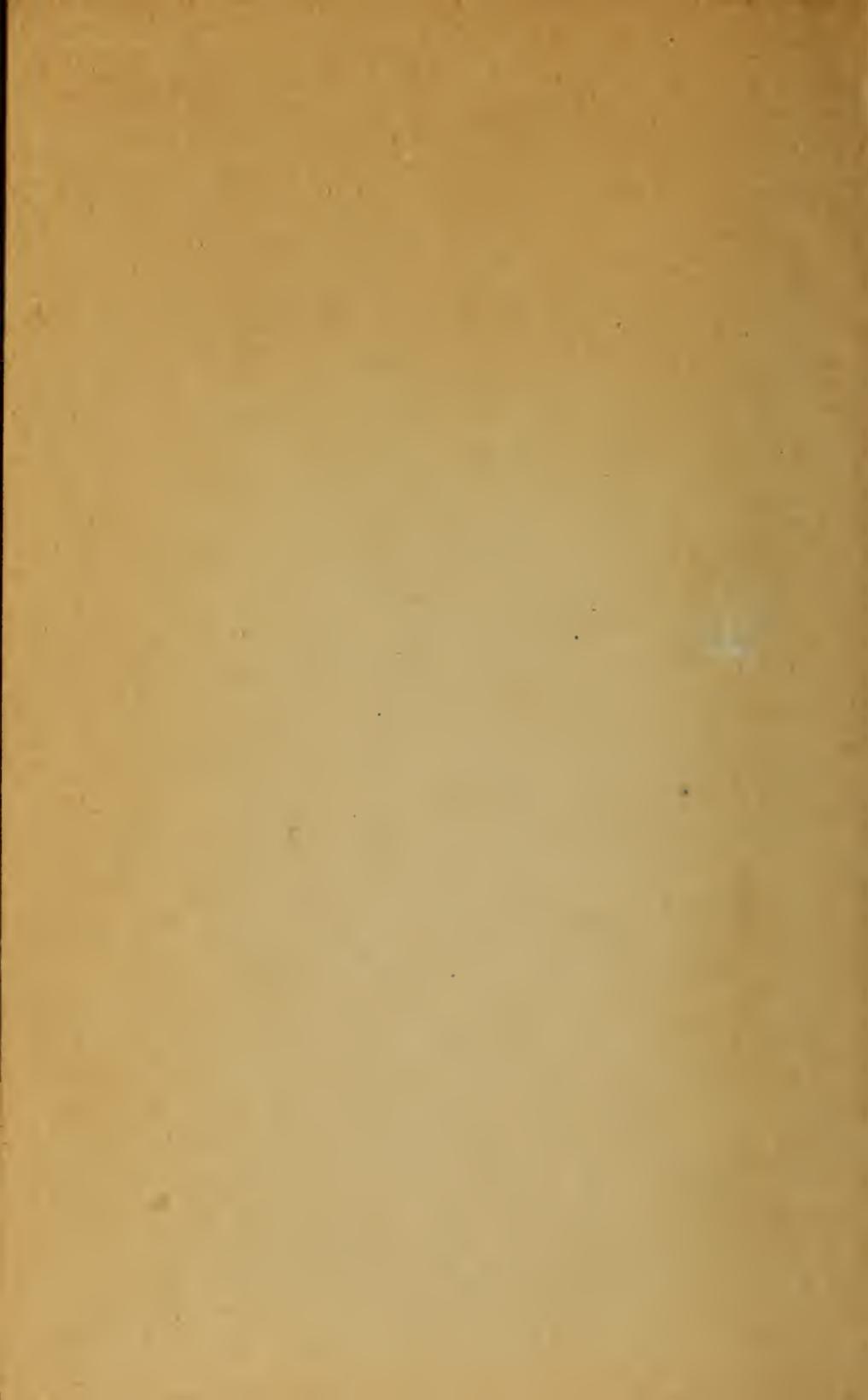
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G E M S

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R. E. HUDSON.

TO ALL WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS.

HOSE who love the LORD JESUS will want no apology for the appearance of these "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG," but will heartily welcome them as helps in the great work of evangelization. God has richly blessed the hymns of the Church in all ages, and is pouring out his Spirit in an especial manner on the singers in Israel in these latter days. Many a soul is being won to Christ, and led into the kingdom through the singing of earnest, stirring songs, full of the Gospel, by God's consecrated ones.

We offer the Church, in this collection, "gold, tried in the fire,"—songs that have been tested by actual use; songs that we believe will move many a heart to penitence, and quicken many a believer on the way to the Father's kingdom.

These "Gems of Gospel Song" have been prepared for us in Church and School, in Prayer Room and Tented Grove—wherever God is sought to be worshiped and praised.

And now, committing our work to all who love the Lord Jesus, we fervently pray the Father of Mercies to make these songs a great blessing to the Church and to the world.

THE AUTHORS

GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG.

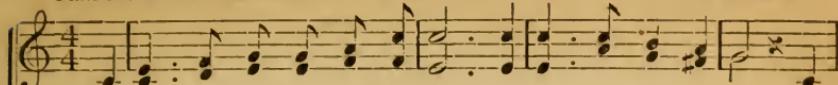


1. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Cor. 2:9.

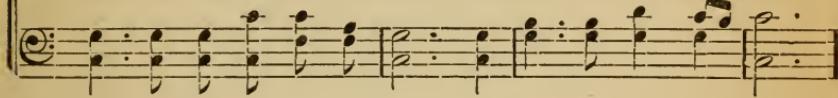
R. E. HUDSON.



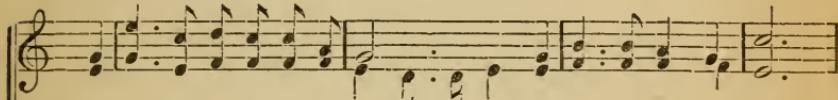
1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy; For
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earthly throng, And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With
4. O Saviour, pre - cious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be If



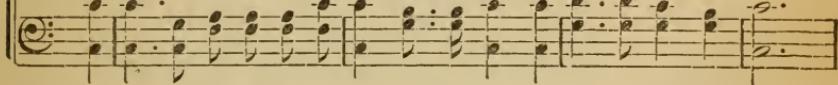
thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.
out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?



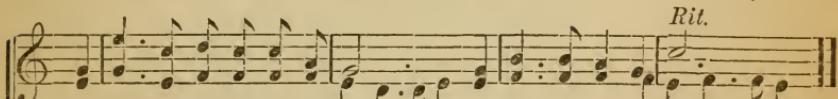
CHORUS.



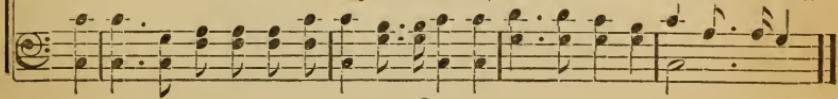
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,



Rit.



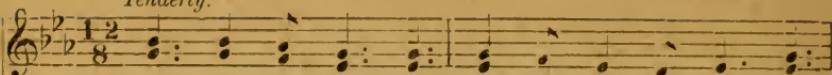
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.



COME UNTO HIM.

Math. 11: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

Tenderly.

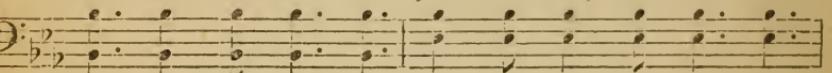
1. Come un - to me when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
 2. Ye who have mourned when flowerets sweet were ta - ken,
 3. Large are the man-sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing,
 4. There, like an E - den, blos - som - ing in glad - ness,



When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed,
 When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
 And the glad homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude - ly pressed;



Seek - ing for com - fort from your heaven-ly Fa - ther,
 When loved ones slept in bright - er homes to wa - ken,
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing;
 Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,



Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
 Where now their brows with spir - it wreaths are crowned.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heaven - ly hymn.
 Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.



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3.

MY SAVIOUR KNOWS.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Ps. 31: 15.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The hour of my de - part-ure I may not know, But
 2. The hour of my de - part-ure I'll keep in view, And
 3. The hour of my de - part-ure May soon be here; To

Christ in love hath taught me To watch while here below, My
 strive, while here I lin - ger, Some precious work to do, Some
 me the thought is joy - ful, And yon - der light is clear; I

lamp to keep bright burning With oil divine, That at the Lord's ap -
 serv - ice for the Master, Or cross to bear, That I a crown un -
 see the sunlit mountains Where I shall stand, I hear the songs en -

pearing My soul with grace may shine. } fading, And robe of white may wear. } The hour of my departure My
 chant-ing Of yon ce - les-tial band. }

Saviour knows, And, in his love confiding, I dwell in sweet repose.

4. WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN OF CLEANSING.

Words and Music by

Zech. 13:1.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

ful - ness and pow'r we may know; 'Tis the blood, and it cleans-es the
deem them from sin and its woe; It will cleanse them from all their de -
else to be saved can you go? Jesus says: "Though your sins be as
earth and its peo - ple shall know In the blood there is pow - er to

cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow; In the"/>

blood, and it cleanses the vilest, And it makes them as white as the snow.
cleanse them from all their defilement, And will make them as white as the snow;
says: "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as white as the snow."
blood there is power to cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow.

White as snow! can it be so He will make me? make me?
make me white as snow? make me white as snow?

5. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

1 Chr. 4:40.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would abide;
 4. Tell me not of heav - y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh! the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
 For I've found this great salva - tion Makes each burden light ap - pear;
 When I'm in the way so narrow I can see a pathway through;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, Laden with the breath of flowers
 Brok - en vows and dis - appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor adorn - ing, rich and gay,
 And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Gladly count - ing all but dross,
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO. Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Blessed, blessed land of light,

D.S. for Chorus.

That are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led un - er - ring To the land I hold to-day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
 World - hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
 For I've tried this way before thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

Where the flowers bloom fore - er, And the sun - light fad - eth not?

6.

WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 John 1: 7.

T. C. O'KANE.

1

1. { I am bowed at the Cross, Washed from sin and its dross In the
Joy and rap - ture are mine, Peace and comfort di - vine; [OMIT.

all-cleansing blood of the Lamb; Ful - ly saved thro' his mercy I am.

REFRAIN.

I am washed in the blood, In the
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all - cleansing
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2. I have come to the blood,
And the Spirit of God
Pours the sin-cleansing tide thro' my soul,
Till it burns with pure love
To the Saviour above,
By whose grace I am saved and made whole.

3. Oh, the wonderful fount
Oped on Calvary's mount!
There believing and resting I am!
Lo! the all-cleansing tide
To my heart is applied!
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb!

7.

OH! WORSHIP THE LORD!

From "ROYAL DIADEM," by per.

1 Chron. 16:29.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Earnestly.

CHORUS.

8.

LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

Matt. 16: 25

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. I left it all with Je-sus, Long a-go, long a-go; All my
 2. I leave it all with Jesus, For he knows, for he-knows, How to
 sins I bro't him, And my woe, and my woe; When by faith I saw him On the
 steal the bitter From life's woes, From life's woes, How to gild the tear-drop With his
 tree, on the tree, Heard his small, still whis-per, "Tis for
 smile, with his smile, Make the des-ert gar-den Bloom a-
 thee," "tis for thee," From my heart the bur-den Rolled a-
 while, bloom a-while; When my weak-ness lean-eth On his
 way, rolled a-way, Rolled a-way—happy day! hap-py day!
 might, on his might, On his might, all seems light, all seems light.

3. I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
 Faith can firmly trust him, come what may;
 Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
 In the calm, sure haven of his breast;
 Love esteems it heaven to abide,
 To abide, at his side.

4. Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul!
 Tell not half the story, but the whole;
 Worlds on worlds are hanging on his hand,
 Life and death are waiting his command,
 Yet his tender bosom makes thee room;
 Makes thee room! oh, come home!

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. 14:12.

E. S. LORENZ.

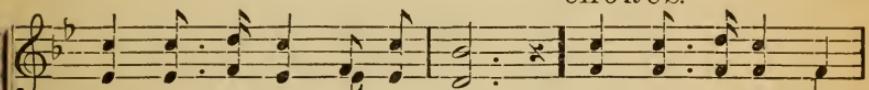


1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y - heart-ed ? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden ? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow ? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dying ? Tell it to Je - sus,



Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed ?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den ?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row ?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing Kingdom are you sigh - ing ?

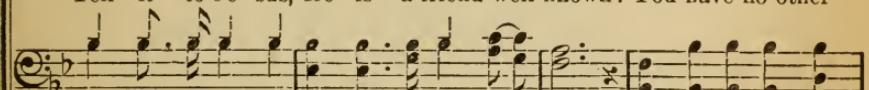
CHORUS.



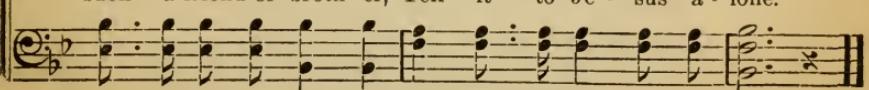
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. } Tell it to Je - sus,
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }



Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend well known : You have no other



such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



10.

PEACE, BE STILL!

A. T. WORDEN.

Mark 4:39.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. High o'er the waves of Gal - i - lee The winds are rising wild and free,
 2. In kingly tones the Master saith, "How long, O ye of lit - tle faith!
 3. O Saviour! on the sea of life We tremble in the long-drawn strife,

No star above, and darkness round The trembling men doth close profound;
 How long can I your doubting bear, Your troubled hearts so full of care?
 And through the shrouding darkness peer To see if thou dost linger near;

But in their midst, in restful sleep, Unconscious of the stormy deep,
 Then, as they neared the rocky strand, The Saviour raised his mighty hand;
 Oh! rise within each troubled breast, And calm our stormy cares to rest;

The Sav - iour lies un - til they cry, "Oh! help us,
 The wind and waves bowed to his will, And heard the
 With king - ly tones com - mand our will, We wait thy

Rit - - - ard. — pp.
 Mas - ter, or we die!" } Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
 man - date, "Peace, be still!" } Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
 man - date, "Peace, be still!" } Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

11. BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

Words and music by

Matt. 25: 6.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes ? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes ; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes ; We will
4. We will chant al-leluias When he comes, when he comes ; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes ; Behold ! he cometh ! Be-
lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes ; He quickly cometh, he
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes ; He surely cometh ! he
chant alleluias When he comes, when he comes ; Lo ! now he cometh ! Lo !

hold ! he com-eth ! Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O soul ! be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth ! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
now he com-eth ! Sing al - le lu - ia ! for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes ! Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes ! Be-

hold ! he cometh ! behold ! he cometh ! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

12. JESUS IS READY THIS MOMENT TO SAVE.

THOMAS MOORE.

2 Cor. 6:2.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat,
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent,
3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing Forth from the throne of God,

fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er knowing

CHORUS.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure." } Come with your bur-dens to
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Je-sus your Saviour; For your redemp-tion his life-blood he gave;

Come, he is waiting to help and to bless you; Jesus is ready this moment to save.

13. COME TO CHRIST WITHOUT DELAY.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

By Permission.

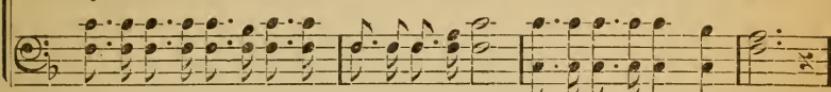
G. W. FIELDS.



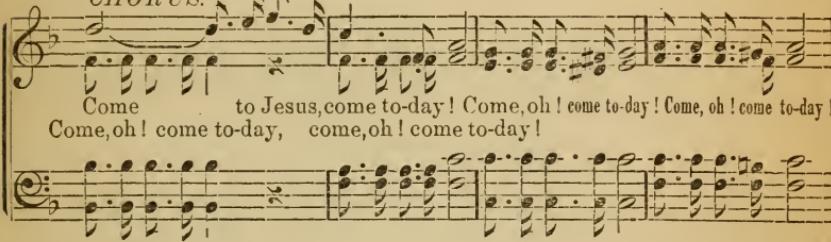
1. In the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom door ! List—thy bosom door ! List—thy bosom door !
 2. Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating : 'Tis thy heart of sin ! 'Tis thy heart of sin ! 'Tis thy heart of sin !



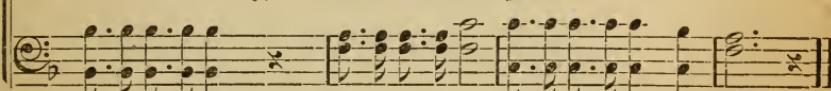
How it knocketh, loudly knocketh, ever, evermore ! How it knocketh evermore !
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth : Rise, and let me in ! Sinner, rise and let me in !



CHORUS.



Come to him without de - lay, Come, oh ! come without delay.
 Come without delay, come without delay.



3. Death comes down with reckless footstep
 To the hall and hut,
 To the hall and hut, to the hall and hut :
 Think you death will long stand waiting
 Where the door is shut,
 Waiting where the door is shut ?

5. Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in,
 Christ to let thee in, Christ to let thee in,
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin,
 For thy unrepented sin.

4. Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is fast,
 But the door is fast, but the door is fast !
 Grieved, away the Saviour goeth :
 Death breaks in at last,
 Death, alas ! breaks in at last.

6. Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Hast thou then forgot ? Hast thou then
 Jesus waited long to know thee, [forgot ?
 But he knows thee not,
 Waited, but he knows thee not.

W. B. BLAKE.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

12

8

1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a nobler song Than our lips can raise be-
 2. Sure the sweetest song e'er heard on earth by man, Floated o'er Judea's
 3. In that song of triumph we shall have a part Who are faithful to the

low, Un - to Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother's praise, Who has
 plain; But a grander an - them will be ours a - bove When we
 last, And who stand with him upon the shining strand When the

CHORUS.

washed us white as snow. } } "Twill be "glory to Christ, our King," while the
 go with him to reign. } } Safe in heavenly mansions fair, Its rich
 Jor-dan we have passed. }

heav-en - ly arches ring With the mel-o - dy of redeeming love com-
 glor - ies e - ternal share, And with [OMIT.]

plete, full and sweet.

prais-es we'll cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet.

15. MY JESUS THE SINNER RECEIVES.

John 6:37.

ANNA WARNER.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. My Je-sus the sin-ner re-ceives! Oh! tell the glad news from on
 2. I, wea-ry and trem-bling, came here, And laid all my sins at his
 3. I know he hath welcom-ed my soul, And opened his heav-en to

high, To each who the righteou-s way leaves, In the broad road of feet; My Lord let his pit-y ap-pear, And oh! his for-me; That while end-less a-ges shall roll, I bless-ed and

ru-in to die: Sal-va-tion is here; O sinner, draw near! For given-ness was sweet; This word healed my breast, And brought my soul rest: My near him shall be; So, then, when I die, My glad heart shall cry, That

CHORUS.

Je-sus the sin-ner receives.
 Je-sus the sin-ner receives.
 Je-sus the sin-ner receives. This Jesus my heart's chosen portion shall be!

{ Hallelujah! What a Saviour! his grace is so free! [OMIT.] }
 { Hallelujah! What a Saviour! [OMIT.] He saves even me. }

16. I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Heb. 4: 9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo-ple known, A
 2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire, Is fix'd on things a-bove; Where
 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en-ter in; Now,
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un-be-lief, remove, To

rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone.
 fear, and sin and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
 Sa-viour, now the power be-stow, And let me cease from sin.
 me the rest of faith im-part-- The Sab-bath of Thy love.

CHORUS.

I rest up-on his promise, sure; I come, I wait to prove The

cleansing of my heart from sin, The full-ness of His love.

17.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Mett. 13 : 39.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dewy eve: Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reaping,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed,
 spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, [OMIT.] Bringing in the sheaves.

By per. from "GOLDEN LIGHT."

18. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

May be sung as a Solo.

Acts 9:6.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Are you willing, my sis - ter, my brother, To work in the field of the
 2. In what - ev - er path du - ty leadeth, There go, tho' the way may be

Lord? Would you gladly choose more than an - oth - er His
 dim; Some broth - er, per -haps, thy help need - eth, A

ser - vice to gain his re -ward? Seek not for a prom - i - nent
 bless - ing shalt thou prove to him. But should the task seem un - a-

sta - tion, Your zeal or your tal - ent to show; But
 vail - ing, The jour - ney both wea - ry and slow, Then

ask in some humble relation, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?
 pray, fearing dan-ger of failing, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

3. Say not, I am humble and lowly,
 - And little can do it I would;
 Remember that Jesus, the holy,
 Said of one, "She hath done what she could."
 Some names shall like stars shine forever,
 Which few of this world ever knew;
 They sought with most earnest endeavor,
 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

4. Whatever good work thy hand bindeth,
 That do with the whole of thy might;
 For soon, ah! too soon the day endeth,
 Then follows the shadow of night.
 The present time only is given,
 The past you can never renew,
 Then ask, seeking guidance from heaven,
 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?—Concl'd.

5. Do you pray to the "Lord of the harvest,"
That he would more laborers send
To fields that from you are the farthest,
Neglecting those you should have gleaned?
Cease not in the earnest petition,
For laborers truly are few,
Remembering to make this addition,
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

6. Arouse from thy rest, then, O sleeper,
Stand up in the strength of the Lord;
Behold the fields white for the reaper,
Go work there to-day! is his word.
When this moment's labor is ended
Begin that which next is in view,
And with thy work be the prayer blended,
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

19.

COUNT THE MERCIES.

Romans 12:1.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Count the mer - cies, count the mer - cies, Number all the gifts of
2. See, oh! see how rich the beau-ties In the charming scenes of
3. Let us num - ber o'er our jew - els; Let us es - ti - mate their

Cho. Count the mer - cies, count the mer - cies God be - stows on us each

Fine.

love; Seek a dai - ly, faith-ful rec - ord Of the comforts from above.
earth; Think of all the untold blessings Clustering round our home and hearth,
worth; Let us thank the precious Giver, Strewing blessings o'er the earth.

day; Count the mercies, count the mercies Scattered all a - long our way.

Look at all the lovely green spots In life's weary, desert way; Think how
Think of friends and precious kindred, To our hearts so dear, so sweet; Think of
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness, Let us tell the wonders o'er, Till our

D. C.

ma - ny cool - ing foun - tains Cheer the faint - ing heart each day.
heaven's unnumbered com - forts—Can you all the list re - peat?
mul - ti - ply - ing mer - cies Seem a count - less, boundless store.

20.

JESUS NOW IS PASSING BY.

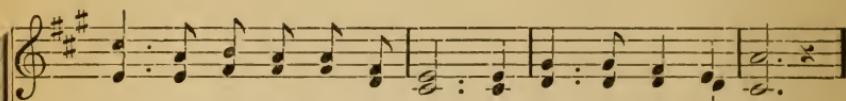
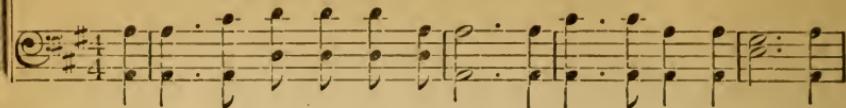
Luke 18:37.

Words and music by

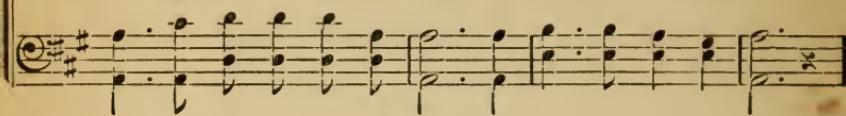
R. E. HUDSON.



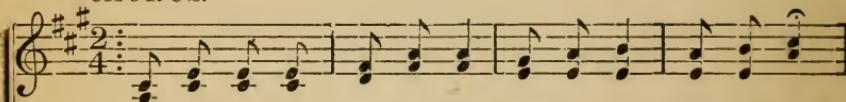
1. Come, wea - ry sin - ner, to the Cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come,
 2. Oh! why de - lay your long re - turn? The Spir - it gently pleads; Come
 3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His



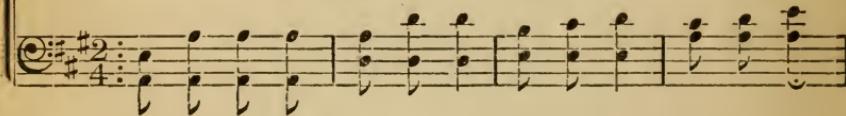
trust - ing in his pree-ious blood; Wait not—there still is room.
 to the Cross whereon for you The dy - ing Saviour bleeds.
 love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live!



CHORUS.



{ Je - sus now is pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by,
 While he is so ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh, ver - y nigh,



Je - sus now is pass-ing by, I'll go out to meet him. }
 While he is so ver - y nigh, I'll go out and greet him. }

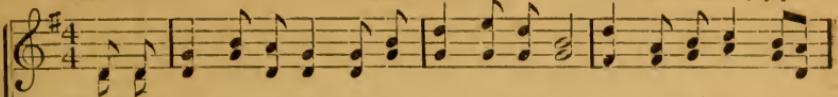


21. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

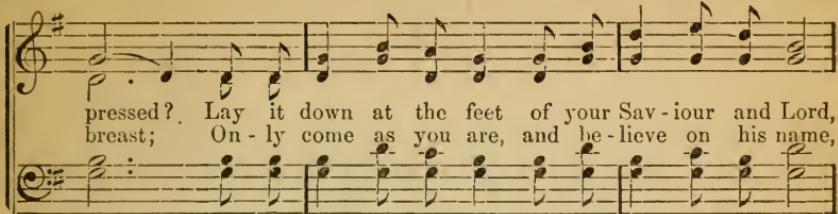
FANNY CROSBY.

Matt. 11: 28.

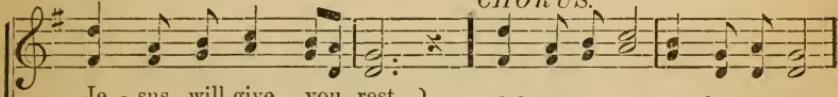
JNO. R. SWEENEY, by per.



1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching

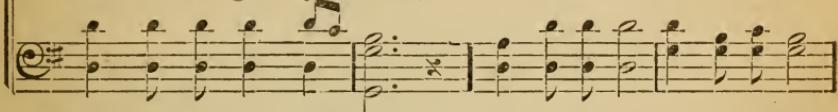


CHORUS.

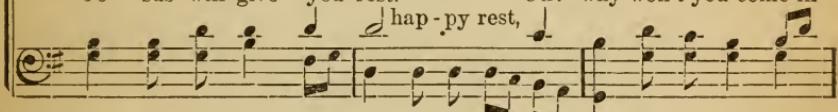


Je - sus will give you rest. } O happy rest, sweet, happy rest!

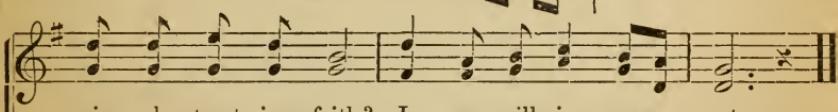
Je - sus will give you rest.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh! why won't you come in



hap - py rest,



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



3. Will you come, will you come, you have
nothing to pay;
Jesus, who loves you best.
By his death on the Cross purchased life
for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

4. Will you come, will you come? how he
pleads with you now!
Fly to his loving breast;
And whatever your sin or your sorrow
may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

PRECIOUS SPIRIT!

Eph. 3:14-19.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lo! the zeph-yr, soft-ly breathing, Wakes the earth a-
 2. Lo! the show-ers, gent-ly fall-ing Buds and flow-ers
 3. Lo! the sun - light, soft-ly beam-ing, Gives a hun-dred

gain; But the Spir-it, soft-ly pleading, Stirs the heart of men.
 bring; Thro' the gen-tle Spir-it's call-ing Hearts are made to sing.
 fold; But the grac-es of the Spir-it Yield the fruit un-told.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious Spir - it! Pre - cious Spir - it! Breathe on us to-
 Pre - cious Spir - it! Pre - cious Spir - it! Fall on us to-
 Pre - cious Spir - it! Pre - cious Spir - it! Beam on us to-

day; Ten - der Spir - it! Ten - der Spir - it! Leave us not, we pray.
 day; Ten - der Spir - it! Ten - der Spir - it! Leave us not, we pray.
 day; Ten - der Spir - it! Ten - der Spir - it! Leave us not, we pray.

ABLE TO SAVE.

Heb. 7:25.

Joyfully.

J. R. MURRAY, by per.

A - ble to save! yes, a - ble to save; Save to the ut - termost,
Cho.—Able to save, etc.

Save to the ut - termost, A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save,

Fine.

Save to the ut - termost all who will come. 1. Come to the Mighty One,
2. Sinking in sin as in

trust in his power, He is a refuge, a Fortress, a Tower, Deep though your guilt may be,
waves of the sea, Bound in the toils of it tho' we may be, There is a Helper nigh,

Deep-er his love for thee, Stronger than sin is the arm of the Lord.
Oh! to that Help - er fly, All ye who call up - on him shall be saved.

AUGUSTINE CALDWELL.

Matt. 9: 22.

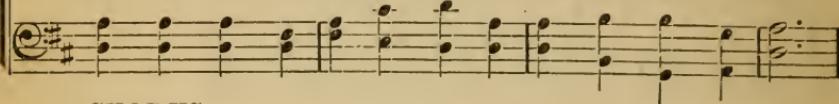
E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. I had been grieving at the Cross, When some one seemed to say— "Thy
 2. "My arm is strong, I can sustain, And ten-der-ly will lead; Up-
 3. "Thy garment has been trailed in dust, And it is soiled, I see; My
 4. "Thy soul is burdened—from this hour, Let me thy burden bear; Thy
 5. "And better far, thy troubled heart, So long thy grief and care, I'll



heart is ver - y tired, my child, Lean thou on me to - day."
 on my bos - om rest thy head, Let me sup - ply thy need."
 robe is broad, and spot - less fair, I'll cast it o - ver thee."
 wea - ry feet may I not bathe? My san - dals thou shalt wear."
 sprin - kle with my precious blood, It shall be - come all fair."



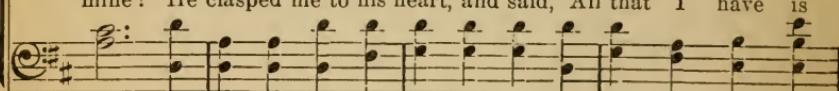
CHORUS.



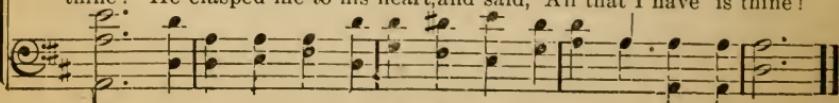
As thus he spake, my soul - full cry, Was—"Can this joy be



mine?" He clasped me to his heart, and said, "All that I have is



thine!" He clasped me to his heart, and said, "All that I have is thine!"



Luke 14:22.

W. B. B.

W. B. BLAKE, by per.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
 2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
 3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you;

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.

Choose, then, like Ma - ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.
 Come, then, oh ! come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you;

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

26. WHEN HE MAKES UP HIS JEWELS.

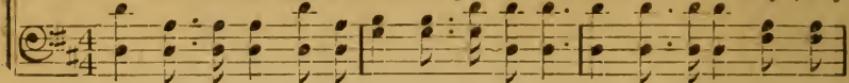
E. A. HOFFMAN.

Mal. 3: 17.

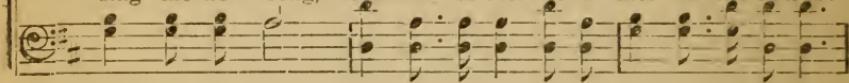
R. E. HUDSON.



1. Oh! when the Saviour shall gather his jewels In - to the beau - ti - ful
 2. Oh! when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, Wash'd and renew'd in his
 3. Oh! when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, And, in their triumph, they



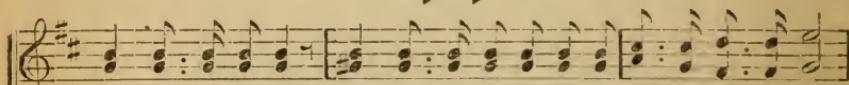
mansions of rest, Shall I be counted as wor - thy to en - ter
 own precious blood, Shall I be cleansed from all sin and defilement,
 sing the new song, Shall I be there to u - nite in the chorus?



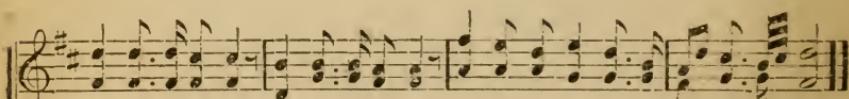
CHORUS.



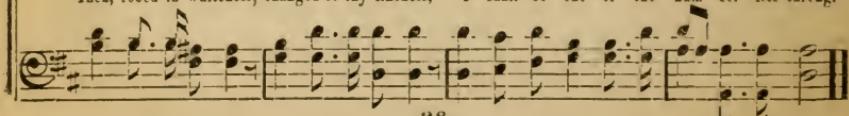
In - to the home of the pure and the blest?
 Read - y to en - ter the king - dom of God? } Yes, precious Saviour!
 Shall I be one of the numberless throng?



Grant but thy fav - or, Daily but strengthen me and help my soul along,



Then, robed in whiteness, changed to thy likeness, I shall be one of the num - ber - less throng.



THE LIFE-BOAT.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Heb. 11:7.

Arranged.

1. Wake, sinner, wake! there's no time now for sleep; Rouse from your slumber, there's
 2. Sin - ner, repent, and a new life be - gin: Come to the life-boat, and
 3. Praise the Redeemer! the work now is done; Sin has been vanquish'd, the

danger on the deep! Look to the Lord, for his grace to save and keep; There is quickly enter in; Come, and be rescued from all your woe and sin, There is victory is won; Go tell to others what Christ for you has done, For he

CHORUS.

peace and safety only in the Life - Boat.
 peace and safety only in the Life - Boat. } Come into the Life-Boat!
 saved a dy - ing sinner in the Life - Boat.

Come into the Life-Boat! Safely ride the angry foam; Come into the Life-Boat!

Come in - to the Life-Boat! She will bring you safe - ly home.

Acts 2:2.

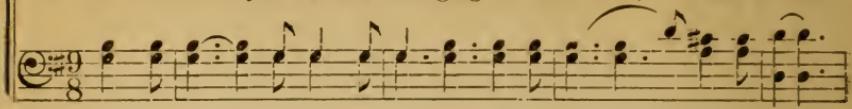
REV. A. J. HOUGH.

J. E. HALL.



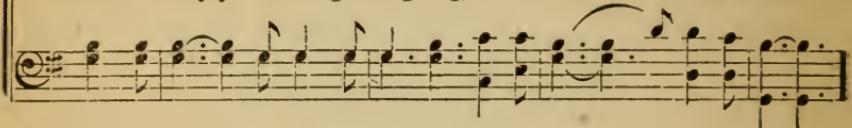
1. Floods of mer - ey break aronnd us, Je-sus comes,
 2. While like rain our tears are falling, Je-sus comes,
 3. Glo-rious light is dawning o'er us, Je-sus comes,
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! saints are singing, Je-sus comes,

comes to save!
 comes to save!
 comes to save!
 comes to save!



Fet - ters fall that long have bound us, Je-sus comes,
 While these souls for help are calling, Je-sus comes,
 And the way grows bright before us, Je-sus comes,
 Heaven with joy - ous song is ring-ing, Je-sus comes,

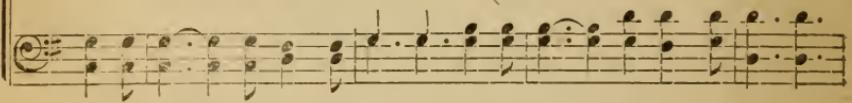
comes to save!
 comes to save!
 comes to save!
 comes to save!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful sto - ry, Je-sus comes, the King of glo - ry!



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus comes, comes to save.



29. WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

Words and Music by

Rev. 1:5.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. List, the Spirit calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sinner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Je - sus drank that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Through the dear Redeemer's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
 And the witness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Don't re - ject the Spirit's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don will be giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en.
 Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
 You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
 Grace is all a-bound - ing, Joy thro' heaven resounding.

CHORUS.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

P. E. R. L.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! Nothing more we need; He doth now in
 2. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Came from heaven above, To a - tone for
 3. Onward, up to Je - sus, May our progress be, Till from sin and
 4. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Nothing more we need; In his love ex-

heav-en For us in - ter - cede. Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus! He is all in
 sin-ners, And to prove his love. More and more like Jesus May we ever
 sorrow We are ever free; Raised with him to heaven, Life shall still ex-
 ceed-ing, Find we heaven indeed; Loving and adoring, At his feet we

all; In a - dor - ing wor - ship, At his feet we fall.
 grow; And by blest o - bed - ience Our de - vo - tion show
 pand, While we share the glo - ry Of Im-ma-nuel's land.
 fall; Hail him our Re-deem - er, Crown him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! Thou art all in all;
 Lost in love and won - der, At thy feet we fall.

THE GOLDEN LIGHT.

Isa. 2:5.

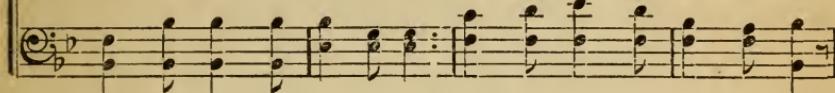
GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing;
 2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;
 3. O ye banished seed, be glad, Christ our Ad-vo-cate is made;
 4. Fear not, breth-ren, joy - ful stand On the borders of our land;
 5. Lord! o - bed - ient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leaving all be - low;



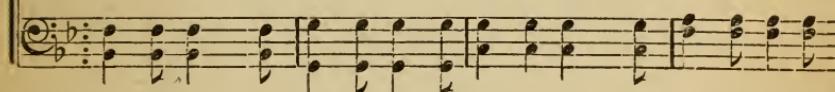
Sing our Sav-iour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 Us to save our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.
 Je - sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un - dismayed go on.
 On - ly thou our Leader be, And we still will fol - low thee!



CHORUS.

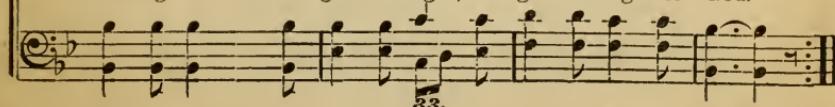


Walk, walk in the light, Walk walk in the light,
 Walking in the golden light, We're walking in the golden light, We're



Repeat pp.

Walk, walk in the light, The gold - en light of God.
 walking in the gold - en light, The gold - en light of God.



F. E. BELDEN.

Not too fast.

Matt. 8:19.

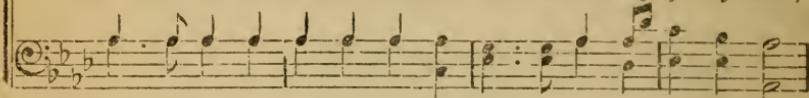
D. S. HAKES.



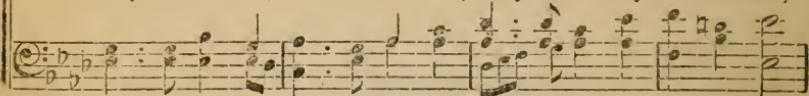
1. Wea - ry one, for comfort seeking, Thro' thy tears look up and see;
 2. Who can ev - ery blessing yield thee? Who bestow thee royal care?
 3. Some will shun, and some will leave me; Some the crown shall never wear;



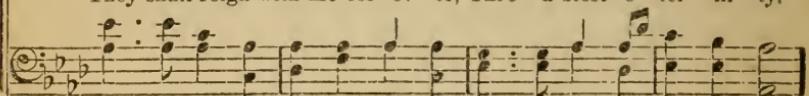
Hear the voice of Je - sus speaking: Take thy cross and follow me.
 Who from evil guard and shield thee, And thy ev - ery sorrow bear?
 Some will fol - low, some receive me; Some shall all my glo - ry share;



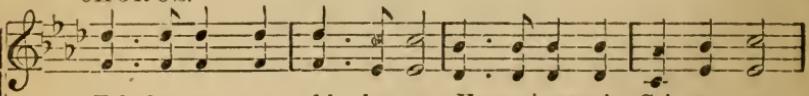
Come, for I am meek and low - ly, Come, and I will give you rest;
 On - ly One—who now is call-ing; On - ly One, who speaks to thee;
 They shall mourn, oh! never, nev - er; They shall always fol - low me;



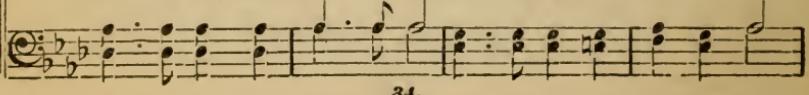
If ye would, like me, be ho - ly, Come! and be for . ev - er blest.
 Hear his voice of mu - sic fall - ing: Take thy cross and follow me.
 They shall reign with me for - ev - er, Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Fol - low me, come, fol - low me; Heaven's gate is Cal - va - ry;



FOLLOW ME.—Concluded.

Fol - low me, come, fol - low me; I reserve a crown for thee.

33. I AM LEAST OF ALL THY CHILDREN.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

By per.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. I am least of all thy children, And the weak - est of the
 2. Lord, I bring to thee for cleansing, My un - wor - thy, humbled
 3. Save me from the foes with-out me; Save me from my - self with-

weak, But I come to thee, dear Saviour, And thy best of blessings seek.
 heart; With thy best of blessings bless me, And thy perfect love impart.
 in; And the reign of love's sweet sceptre In my clean-swept heart begin.

CHORUS.

Let the Ho - ly Spir - it bless me With his all - re - new - ing

power; And baptize my waiting spir - it In this pen - te - cost - al hour.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Chr. 29: 5.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Take my life and let it be
2. Take my feet and let them be
3. Take my lips and let them be
4. Take my moments and my days,
5. Take my will and make it thine,
6. Take my love—my Lord, I pour

Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
 Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 Filled with messages from thee;
 Let them flow in endless praise;
 It shall be no long - er mine;
 At thy feet its treasure - store;

Take my hands and let them move
 Take my voice and let me sing
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,
 Take my in - tel - lect and use
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 Take my - self, and I will be

At the impulse of thy love.
 Always-on - ly—for my King.
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
 It shall be thy roy - al throne.
 Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
 the precious blood, } Lord, I give to thee my
 Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood,
 the healing flood, }

life and all to be Thine, henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

EDEN R. LATTA.

Matt. 11: 28.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troubles come so fast, How it
 2. Though by sorrow's dismal cloud, Be our pathway overcast, Thro' the
 3. We can stand the driving rains, We can bide the cutting blast, While the
 4. To the kingdom of the skies, When our pilgrimage is past, We on

does the spir - it cheer To be promised peace at last.
 Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, We are promised peace at last.
 prom - ise still re - mains, Of un - brok - en peace at last.
 spir - it wings shall rise, And a - bide in peace at last.

CHORUS.

Peace at last, peace at last, peace at last, When our
 Peace at last,

sor - rows are all past, And 'tis coming, oh, how fast! Peace at

last, peace at last, 'Tis coming, coming, Peace at last!
 Peace at last, peace at last,

1. Je - sus in the tem - ple, with the doc - tors wise,
 Asking wondrous questions, giving deep replies; When his parents found him,
 seeking night and day, Found him in the tem - ple, what did Jesus say?
 [LUKE ii : 49.]

CHORUS. (For last verse.)

Come, ye blessed of my Fath-er, In-her - it the kingdom prepared for you,
 From the foundation of the world, From the foundation of the world. A-men.

2. At the well of Jacob, resting by its brink,
 Bidding the Samaritan give to him to drink,
 When she asked of Jesus where men ought to
 pray.
 At the well of Jacob, what did Jesus say?
 [JOHN iv : 21, 23.]

3. On the sea of Galilee, when the storm was
 high,
 Save us, Lord ! we perish ! his disciples cry ;
 While they marvel greatly, as the winds obey,
 On the sea of Galilee, what did Jesus say?
 [MATT. viii : 26.]

4. Coming into Bethany, meeting, full of gloom,
 Martha, mourning Lazarus, lying in the
 tomb—
 Of the Resurrection, and the last Great Day,
 Coming into Bethany, what did Jesus say?
 [JOHN xi : 23, 25.]

5. Weeping o'er Jerusalem, city of the King,
 Whom he would have gathered 'neath his
 loving wing,
 Mourning for her children, going far astray,
 Weeping o'er Jerusalem, what did Jesus say?
 [MATT. xxiii : 37.]

6. From that cross of sorrow, ere his soul
 went up,
 As he drank the fullness of the bitter cup,
 Looking on his enemies, in their dark array,
 From that cross of sorrow, what did Jesus
 say ?
 [LUKE xxiii : 34.]

7. On the hills of heaven, in the world above,
 Where his faithful children share his
 wondrous love,
 All their sins forgiven, in that blessed day,
 On the hills of heaven, what will Jesus say ?
 [MATT. xxv. 34.]

37. THE HIDING-PLACE IS NIGH.

ISAAC WATTS.

Isa. 32:2.

R. E. HUDSON.

A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall inspire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

He is the on - ly ref - uge - fly! There's danger in de - lay.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sin - ners, the hid - ing-place is nigh; The Sa - viour calls—a - way!

38. FOREST. L. M.

JOHN WESLEY.

CHAPIN.

To dwell within thy wounds, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.
Nor will we think of aught beside— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

Luke 17:5.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

D. F. HODGES, by per.

give The faith that takes thee at thy word, The faith by which we live.
 sessed, And by no other strength we get Our her - i - tage of rest.
 sure, And al - ways triumph in thy name, And to the end endure.
 bound, That it may grow exceed-ing-ly, And to thy praise be found.

REFRAIN.

VICTORY.

THOS. K. DOTY.
Con spirito.

2 Cor. 2:14.

C. E. ROWLEY.
Arr. by H. L. R.

1. Oh! praise God! exalt him in rap-turous lays; The Mighty One
 2. My whole heart I give him, for cleansing from sin, The lone way and
 3. He pur-i-fies me, and my soul is a-glow, With conscious sal-

rich-ly de-serveth our praise; He leadeth his children from morning till
 narrow, by faith en-ter in; Now Je-sus receives me—his glo-ry re-
 vation from each inward foe; My heart shall give honor and glory to

CHORUS.

night; He clotheth them ever in garments of light. }
 reveals; The witness he gives me—with perfect love fills. } The Lord gives the vict'ry—the
 him Who ut-ter-ly saveth, and dwelleth within. }

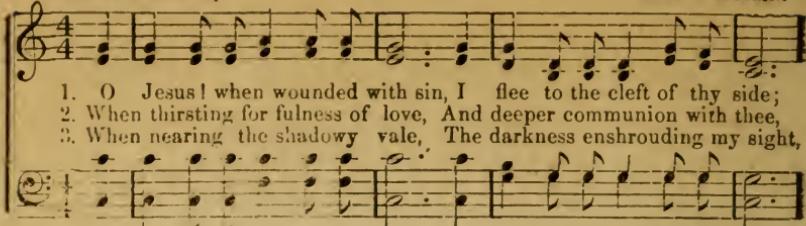
glory be his; My soul the blest triumph from Jesus receives; Oh, praise him for-

ever! the glad notes prolong; Exalt the Redeemer, and crown him in song!

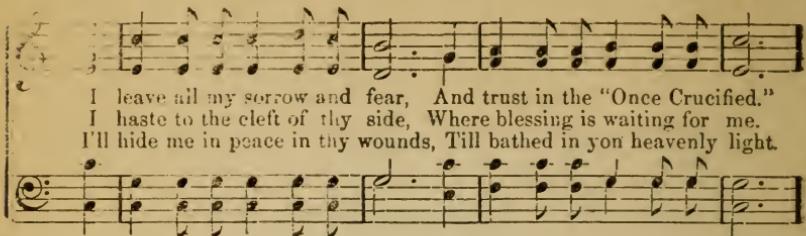
41. LET ME HIDE IN THY WOUNDS.

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

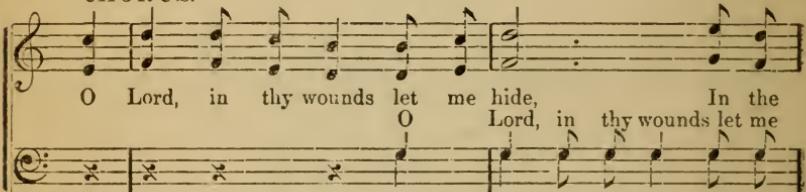


1. O Jesus! when wounded with sin, I flee to the cleft of thy side;
2. When thirsting for fulness of love, And deeper communion with thee,
3. When nearing the shadowy vale, The darkness enshrouding my sight,

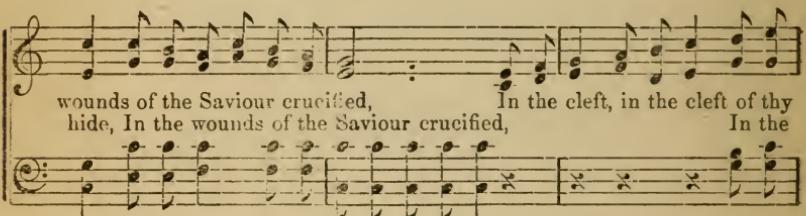


I leave all my sorrow and fear, And trust in the "Once Crucified."
I haste to the cleft of thy side, Where blessing is waiting for me.
I'll hide me in peace in thy wounds, Till bathed in yon heavenly light.

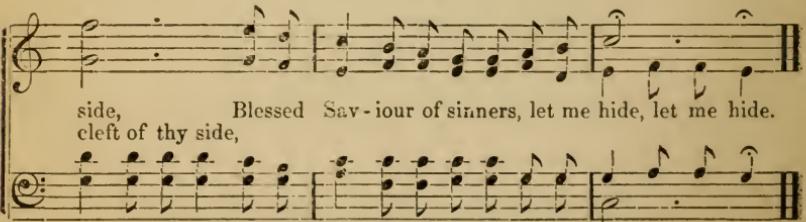
CHORUS.



O Lord, in thy wounds let me hide, In the
O Lord, in thy wounds let me



wounds of the Saviour crucified, In the cleft, in the cleft of thy
hide, In the wounds of the Saviour crucified, In the



side, Blessed Sav-iour of sinners, let me hide, let me hide.
cleft of thy side,

From "SONGS OF FAITH."

42. THERE'S SALVATION IN THE BLOOD.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Isa. 53:6.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the migh-ty load; Our
 2. To save a world, he dies; Sin - ners, be-hold the Lamb! To
 3. Par - don and peace a - bound; He will your sins for -give; Sal-
 4. Je - sus, we look to thee; Where else can sin - ners go? Thy

ran - som-price he ful - ly paid In groans, and tears, and blood.
 him lift up your long - ing eyes; Seek mer - cy in his name.
 va - tion in his name is found.—He bids the sin - ner live.
 boundless love shall set us free From wretched-ness and wee.

CHORUS.

Tell the world there's sal - va - tion in the blood, Tell the
 world there's sal - va - tion in the blood, in the blood,
 world there's sal - va - tion in the blood, Bear the
 message thro' all the earth abroad, There is healing and cleansing in the blood.
 earth abroad,

43. SIMPLY TRUSTING EVERY DAY.

EDGAR PAGE.

Psalms 125:1.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-ery day, Trusting thro' a storm-y
 2. Bright-ly doth his Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart of
 3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear, Pray-ing, if the path is

way; Ev-en when my faith is small, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 mine; While he leads I can-not fall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 dear; If in dan-ger, for him call; Trusting Je-sus, that is all.

Fine.

Till within the jas-per wall, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past;

44.

MEAR. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Ezek. 36:25.

WELCH AIR.

1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side:
 2. My dy-ing Sav-iour, and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;
 4. Th' atonement of thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight improve;

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
 Sprin-kle me ev-er with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a-lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru-i-tion die, And all my soul be love.

MRS. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

Luke 13:27.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. When the King in his beau - ty shall come to his throne, And a -
 2. They had known whence he came, and the grace which he brought; In their

round him are gath - ered his loved and his own, There'll be
 pres - ence he healed, in their streets he had taught; They had

some who will knock at his fair pal - ace door, To be
 men - tioned his name, and their friend - ship pro - fessed, But they

an - swered with - in, "There is mer - ey no more;
 nev - er be - lieved, for of them he con - fessed:

I have nev - er known you, I have nev - er known you."
 "I have nev - er known you, I have nev - er known you."

(3.)
 Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham
 there,
 But for these is appointed a hopeless despair;
 It is vain that they call; he once knocked at
 their gate,
 But they welcomed him not, so now this is
 their fate:

"I have never known you,"
 "I have never known you."

(4.)
 O lost sinner! believe this sad story of gloom!
 For the dark hour is nearing that fixes your
 doom;
 And I know not how soon ere your poor break-
 ing heart,
 In its horror shall sink, as the King cries:

"Depart!"
 "I have never known you,
 I have never known you!"

MY OFFERING.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

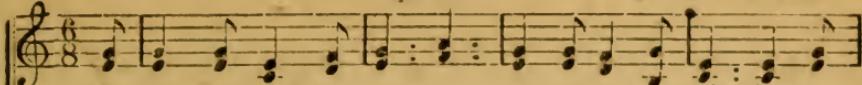
1. Here, Lord, I bring my of - fer-ing, And lay it at thy feet;
 2. Although the gift is ver - y small, A poor and worthless thing,
 3. 'Tis but a poor, poor sac-ri - fice, Dear Savior, that I bring,
 4. I would not give thee less than this; I could not give thee more;

Re - veal to me if aught there be That makes it in - com - plete.
 Yet, at thy call, my heart, my all, In humbleness I bring.
 Yet thou wilt not the gift despise, For it is ev - ery-thing.
 Oh! give to me thy per - fect peace, And love me ev - er - more.

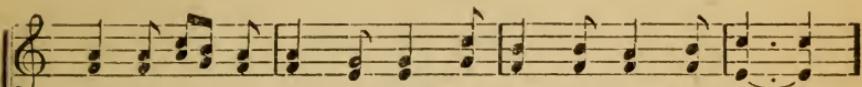
CHORUS.

Ac - cept the gift I of - fer now; Refine my soul from dross;

Oh! seal me thine, for - ev - er thine, And keep me near the Cross !



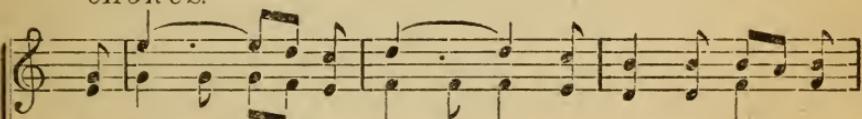
1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - monious to the ear; Heav'n
 2. Grace first contrived a way To save re-bellious man; And
 3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heavenly road; And
 4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er-last-ing days; It



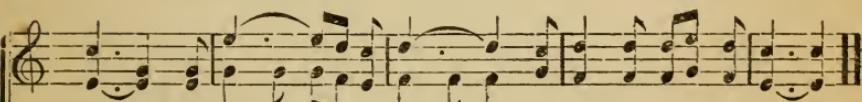
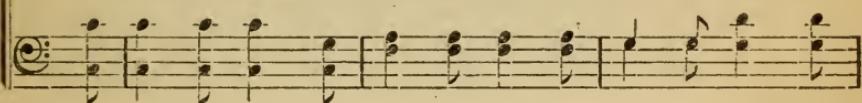
with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
 all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.
 new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
 lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise.



CHORUS.



'Tis grace, 'tis grace,
 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, Yes, grace is all my



'Twas love, 'twas love,
 plea! 'Twas love, 'twas love, 'Twas love, 'twas love That brought the Lord to me.



ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Rev. 21: 12.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guarding that
 2. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, lof - ty and grand, Swung by the
 3. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I

ci - ty of splen - dor and light! Oft I be-hold thee, in
 touch of some an - ge - lic hand! Down from thy por - tals there
 pic - ture thy glo - ries un-told! Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing, my

distance and dream, Flash in the sun - light of heav - en - ly gleam.
 floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri-fied throng.
 spi - rit doth wait, Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.

Chorus.

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful,
 Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!



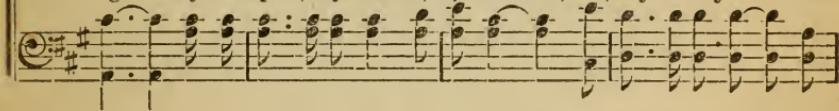
1. Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert, For those who have missed their
2. Have you folded close to your bosom The trembling, neglect-ed
3. Have ye carried the liv-ing wa-ter To the parched and thirsty
4. Have ye stood by the sad and weary, To smooth the dark pillow of
5. Have ye wept with the broken-hearted, In their agon-y of deep



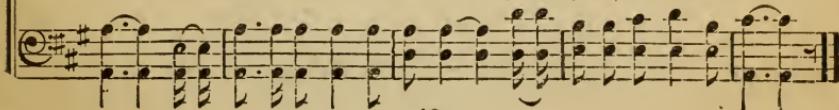
way? Have ye been in the wild, waste places Where the lost and the wand'ring lamb, And taught to the little lost one The sound of the Shepherd's soul? Have ye said to the sick and wounded, Christ Jesus can make thee death, To comfort the sorrow-stricken, And strengthen the feeble woe? Ye might hear me whisp'ring beside you: 'Tis a path that I often



stray? Have ye trodden the lonely highway, The foul and the darksome name? Have ye searched for the poor and needy Unclothed, with no home, no whole?" Have ye proffered my fainting children The strength of the Father's faith? Have ye felt when the golden glory Has streamed thro' the open go. My disciples, my friends, my brethren, Oh, say! can ye fol - low



street? It may be ye'd see in the gloaming, The print of Christ's wounded feet, bread? The Son of Man was among them, He had nowhere to lay his head. hand? Have ye guided the tott'ring footsteps To the shores of the "golden land"? door, And flitted across the shadows, That I had been there before? me? Then wherever the Master dwelleth, There, too, shall the servant be.



F. E. BELDEN.

1 Pet. 2:7.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. On - ly thee, in joy or sor - row; I will follow on - ly thee;
 2. On - ly thee, oh! precious jewell May thy lustre hide from view
 3. On - ly thee, my dear Redeemer, On - ly thee till life is done;

Of thy meekness let me bor - row When I ask on bend-ed knee;
 All of self, so proud and cruel, Earth so false, and joys so few.
 Let me not, an i - dle dreamer, An - y path of du - ty shun;

For I seek no greater treasure Than the joys which thou caust give;
 May thy light be my adorn - ing, And my heart thy dwelling-place
 For I know there is no oth - er Who the Cross for sinners bore,

Oh! bestow them without measure, And my fainting soul shall live.
 Till that glad, eternal morn - ing When I hope to see thy face.
 And in thee, and not anoth - er, Will I trust for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, I will

³
On - ly thee,

On - ly thee,

ONLY THEE. Concluded.

dim.

pp.

fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee, on - ly
I will fol-low on - ly thee; On - ly thee,

thee : Will I trust e - ter - nal - ly.
On - ly thee,

51. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, Lest by base de -
2. With its witching pleasures, Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did
3. If with sore affliction, Thou in love chastise, Pour thy ben - e -
4. When in dust and ashes, To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory

ni - al, I depart from thee; When thou seest me waver, With a treasures Spread to work me harm, Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth - dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice; Then up - on thine al - tar Free - ly flashes O'er the shelving brink, On thy truth re - ly - ing Thro' the

look re - call; Nor for fear or fav - or Suf - fer me to fall. sem - an - e, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary. of - fered up, Though the flesh may falter, Faith shall drink the cup. mor - tal strife, Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

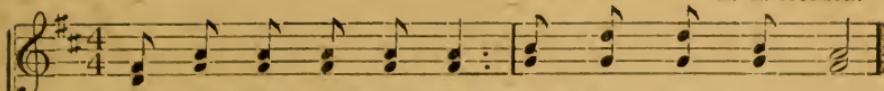
1. Lord, my heart is bruised and bleeding With the wounds of sin;
2. I am bowed in grief and sor-row, And with fear op-prest!
3. Let the bonds of sin be brok-en; Free-ly all for-give;
4. Come, dear Sav-iour, come and bless me With thy matchless grace;
5. Why not now, dear Lord, for-give me Thro' thy grace di-vine?

For sal - va - tion I am pleading; Bring thy King-dom in.
 Come, ere dawns an - oth - er morrow, Bring me peace and rest.
 Let the word of pow'r be spoken That shall bid me live.
 Turn to me thy heart of mer-cy, And thy smil - ing face.
 Why not now, dear Lord, re - ceive me As a child of thine?

CHORUS.

All my sin and guilt con - fess-ing, At thy feet I bow;

Lord! I wait thy promised blessing; Come, and save me now!



Let him take me where he will, so we do not part;
 When the path is rough and long, Where the dan - gers be;
 An - y - where with Je - sus, through the win - ter sleet;
 Drear - y, dark, or des - o - late, where he is with me;

Al - ways sit - ting at his feet, there's no room for fears;
 Though he tak - eth from me all I love here be - low,
 An - y - where with Je - sus, when the bright sun shines;
 He will love me al - way, ev - ery need sup - ply,

D.S. Al - ways sit - ting at his feet, there's no room for fears;

Fine. CHORUS.

Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.
 Anywhere with Jesus will I glad - ly go.
 Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines.
 Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

Anywhere with Jesus,

An - ywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

D.S.

everywhere I go, Jesus shall my leader be while I so - journ below;

1. I sit and think, when the evening shade is deep o'er for - est
 2. I think each night when the day is o'er, I am near-er home than the
 3. We haste away from the lovely earth, With its ho - ly friendships of

hill and glade, Of that beau - ti - ful land by the gates of light, Our day be - fore; And soft - ly I say in my evening prayer, I am priceless worth; From its joy and its sor - row, its hope and fear, Its

Father's house, where there is no night; And my glad heart thrills to the near the land where the ransomed are, And up - on my heart comes a beaming smile, or its gath - 'ring tear; For the pearl - y gates now are

joy - ous sound, To the land of rest - we are homeward bound. ho - ly spell; We are homeward bound, where the dear ones dwell. ope - ning wide - We are homeward bound, on the ebb - ing tide.

CHORUS.

We are homeward bound! We are homeward bound! To the land of rest - we are homeward bound!

HOMEWARD BOUND.—Concluded.

Tho pearl-y gates are ope-ning wide ; We are homeward bound ! We are homeward bound.
We are homeward bound on the ob-bing tide !

4. We float away from the care and strife,
From the din and bustle and toil of life,
Where temptation and sin shall be known no
And woe and pain are forever o'er— [more,
To the Eden-land, to the heavenly ground,
To the land of love we are homeward bound.

5. It soothes my heart like a blessed Psalm,
And bids its troubled waves be calm,
And its echo a far sweeter music tells
Than vesper chimes, or the Sabbath bells ;
Floating thro' my life with a joy profound,
Is the blessed truth, we are homeward bound.

55. WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN ?

Mark 8: 36.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON. *Fine.*

1. What shall it pro - fit me by and by ? What shall it profit me then,
2. What shall it pro - fit me by and by ? What shall it profit me then,
3. Naught will it pro - fit me by and by ! Naught will it profit me then !
4. What shall it pro - fit me by and by ? What shall it profit me then,

*D. C. Trusting not him who for sinners was slain, What shall it profit me then ?
Car - ing not, seeking not Jesus to know, What shall it profit me then ?
Ev - er and ever its torment to know, Naught will it profit me then !
Love him, and serve him, and trust him alway, What shall it profit me then ?*

D. C.

If, by my toil, the whole world I should gain, Spending my strength on its treasures so vain,
If in a world of enjoyment and show On in the path of its pleasures I go,
After a life of much sorrow and woe, Down to the place of despair I must go,
If I renounce all my idols to-day, Walk with my Lord in the heavenly way,

5. Much will it profit me by and by !
Much will it profit me then !
I shall be robed in a garment of white,
Dwell in the mansions of glory and light,
Gaze on the face of my Saviour so bright,
Much will it profit me then !

6. Yes, it will profit me by and by !
Yes, it will profit me then,
If from the right path my feet shall not stray,
If I but follow the Saviour alway,
Then when we meet in the great judgment day,
Oh, it will profit me then ! [day,

56. I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

C. S.

Acts 12:5.

J. H. TESNEY.

1. I am ask - ing for you of my Fath - er a - bove, The
 2. Then wher - ev - er you are, 'mid the friends of your choice, Or

rich - est of bless - ings his grace holds in view, For a *heart* to re -
 scenes which here daily appear to your view, Oh! re - member there's

ceive and ac - cept of his love; This, this is the
 one, who, with trem - u - lous voice, Is oft at the

CHORUS.

prayer I am pray - ing for you. } And I still will pray on, for his
 mer - cy - seat, pray - ing for you. }

promise is true, And pray'r will be answered, yes, answered for you.

3. Should o'er you the dark clouds of ad -
 versity rise,
 And friends fondly trusted prove false and
 untrue,
 Then remember there's one 'neath the blue
 vaulted skies,
 Who still is your friend, and is praying
 for you.

4. And still on, even on, 'till death bids us
 depart
 From scenes which rise up to our wonder -
 ing view;
 Until then will I bear your loved name on
 my heart,
 And still will be praying, yes, praying
 for you.

57. MORE THAN I ASKED OR THOUGHT.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Cor. 2:9.

J. B. FERGUSON.

1. How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so
 2. Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or

sweet, For tak - ing the poor gift I laid At
 thought! I stand and mar - vel to be - hold What

thy be - lov - ed feet, Keep - ing thy hand up -
 thou, my Lord, hast wrought, And won - der what glad

on my heart, To still each anx - ious beat!
 les - sons yet I shall be dai - ly taught!

How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so sweet!
 Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or thought!

3. I never thought it could be thus—
 Month after month to know
 The river of thy peace without
 One ripple in its flow,
 Without one quiver in the trust,
 One flicker in its glow.
 I never thought it could be thus—
 That I such peace should know.

4. Dear Lord! I find thy promise true,
 Of perfect peace and rest;
 I cannot sigh—I can but sing
 While leaning on thy breast,
 And leaving everything to thee
 Whose ways are always best.
 Oh! matchless is the sovereign grace
 That brings such peace and rest!

58. BLESSED JESUS, THOU ART MINE.

1 John 2:10.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is wholly
 Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is

thine; Thou dost dwell within my heart, Thou dost
 wholly thine; Thou dost dwell with - in my heart,

reign in ev - ery part; Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me
 Thou dost reign in ev - ery part; Blessed Je - sus,

white, Keep me walk - ing in the light, Bless-ed
 keep me white, Keep me walk-ing in the light,

Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in the light.
 Blessed Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walking in the light.

BLESSED JESUS, THOU ART MINE.—Concluded.

I am safe within the fold,
All my cares on thee are rolled,
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on thy breast;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

3. Precious Jesus, day by day
Keep me in the holy way;
Keep my mind in perfect peace;
Every day my faith increase;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

59.

SATISFIED.

Psalm 36:8.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long, I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool
2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - es, Something that would satis-
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life so rich and

spring, That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
gone, Longed my soul for something better, Only still to hun-ger on.
fy, But the dust I gathered round me Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
free, Untold wealth that never faileth, My Redeem - er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has

craved! Je-sus sat - isfies my longings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

ANNA SHIPTON.

1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy
 2. I give the love, the sweet-est Thy good - ness
 3. Thou know'st my soul's am - bi - tion, For thou hast

 prec - ious blood, I give thee but thine own, Lord, That
 grants to me; Take it, and make it meet, Lord, An
 changed its aim; The world's re - proach I fear not, To

 long thy love withstood. I give the life thou
 of - fer - ing for thee. Smile and the ver - y
 share a Sav - iour's shame; Out - side the camp to

 gav - est— My pres - ent, fu - ture, past, My joys, my
 shad - ows In thy blest light shall shine; Take thou my
 suf - fer, With - in the veil to meet, And hear thy

 fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
 heart, Lord Je - sus, For thou hast made it thine,
 soft - est whis - per From out the mer - cy - seat.

LOVE'S OFFERING.—Concluded.

4. Thou bearest me on thy bosom,
Amid thy jewels worn,
Upon thy hands deep graven,
By arms of love upborne.
Rescued from sin's destruction,
Ransomed from death and hell,
Complete in thee, Lord Jesus,
Thou hast done all things well.

5. O, deathless Love that bought me!
O, price beyond my ken!
O, Life that hides my own life,
E'en from my fellow men!
Now fashion, form, and fill me
With light and love divine;
Thus, one with thee, Lord Jesus,
I am forever thine.

61. THE GATE OF PRAYER.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Psalms 55: 17.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Seek I now the gold-en gate! I have wandered, wandered long and
 2. Once I loved the o - vil way; Oh! how blindly, blindly did I
 3. Nev - er will I leave the gate; I will ev - er, ev - er watch and

late, But I'm wea - ry of the night, I am longing, longing for the light
 stray: All the path with flow'rs was strown, But I gather'd, gather'd thorns alone.
 wait, Till I hear the summons "come," Hear him gently, gently call me home.

REFRAIN.

Gate of prayer, Throne of grace, I would seek my Father's
 Gate of prayer, Throne of grace,

care, Lead me to the fountain bright, Make me purer, purer in his sight.

SILAS G. ODELL.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. As El - im's wells in des - er - t land, And palms and spreading
 2. His voice is like some rippling wave, Or man - y gush - ing
 3. And now my soul is heavenward bent; With speed of an - gel's
 4. The earth's redeemed and ransomed bands, Clasp gold-en harps in



clusters stand, So standeth Jesus now to me, A shelter and a fountain free;
 streams which lav The banks of some ecstatic land, Where trees of richest fruitage stand;
 wing 'tis sent; This heaven's border-land may be, Yet there's a fairer o'er the sea—
 blood-washed hands; And from their lips, o'er valleys free, Float strains of richest melody.



A shel - ter, for in him I dwell—He do - eth for me all things well; A
 And oh! his arms en-cir - cle me; His voice proclaims my soul is free; His
 A fair - er, for its glorious light Is never dimmed by cloud or night, And
 And oh! I soon shall join that throng, And sing with them redemption's song; For



foun - tain, for in him I find A liv - ing well of heavenly kind.
 beam - ing eyes and smil - ing face Shed o - ver all the rich - est grace.
 all our souls, blood-washed and free, The King in glorious beauty see.
 this fair land and crown of life, I soon shall change earth's tears and strife!



THE WAY GROWS BRIGHTER.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

John 8:12.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Are you an - chored, O my broth - er, On the
 2. Are you trust - ing, ful - ly trust - ing Your Re -
 3. You are near - ing, dai - ly near ing Can - an's

firm, e - ter - nal Rock, Where you sweet - ly, calm - ly re -
 deem - er day by day? Do you feel se - cure in his
 fair, e - ter - nal shore; Do you find the path - way the

pose in God, Fear - less of the bil - lows' shock?
 keep - ing power? Do you love the nar - row way?
 bright - er grow? Do you love his serv - ice more?

CHORUS.

Does the way grow clearer and the brighter, And the Cross seem ev - er

light - er? Has the Saviour washed your garments whit - er, Washed them whiter than the snow?

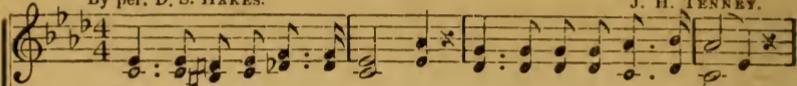
COMING HOME AGAIN.

A. T. WORDEN.

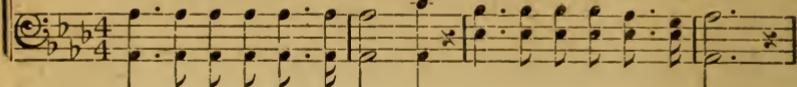
By per. D. S. HAKES.

Luke 15:18.

J. H. TENNEY.



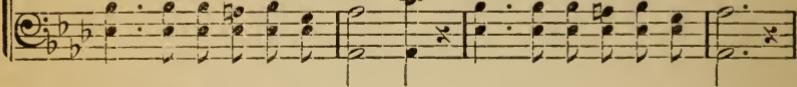
1. Where the turrets of the mansions Rise toward the golden sky;
 2. I will tell him I have wandered, And, low-bending at his knee,
 3. I behold him in the distance; Tears are gushing from his eyes;



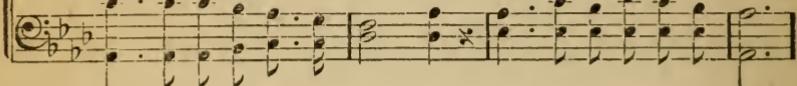
Where the shining palms are waving, There my wearied soul would fly,—
 Wounded, sore, and sadly plead-ing, Just a servant I would be;
 And his hands reach out in pleading, As the golden daylight flies;



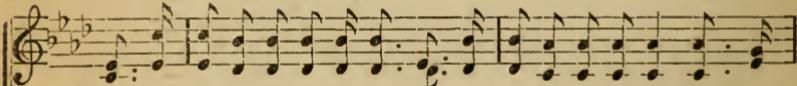
To the outstretched arms of mercy, To the garments cleansed from stain,
 Sad - ly soiled, my regal garments, Lost, the treasures of my heart,
 It is late, and now the evening Com - eth down upon us fast;



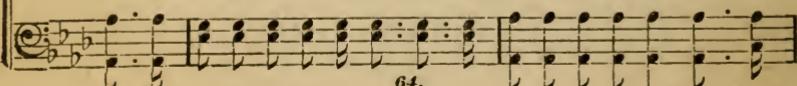
From the sordid husks of earth - life, From my sol - itude and pain.
 To his o - pen arms I'll take me, Nev - er, never more to part.
 Soon I'll rest upon his bos - om, And be safe at home at last.



CHORUS.



I am coming, Father, coming, Weary, worn, and full of pain, To the



COMING HOME AGAIN.—Concluded.

wait - ing, lov - ing Fath - er, I am coming home a - gain,
Rall.
 Com - ing, Com - ing, I am com - ing home a - gain.

65. ALONE WITH JESUS.

Mrs. H. B. BEEGLE.

For Male Voices.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Alone with Jesus! Oh! how sweet To bow submissive at his feet, To
 2. Alone with Jesus! blessed rest, While by his constant presence blest, With
 3. Alone with Jesus! Let me stay While earthly comforts pass away, Till

bid my trembling heart be still, And calmly sink in - to his will, For -
 ev - ery i - dol broken down, And in my heart he reigns alone, While
 every earthly prop shall fall, And Christ, my Lord, be all in all, Till

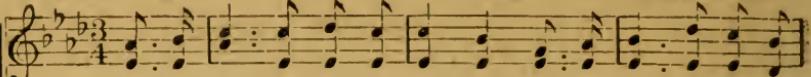
getting all my cares and woes, And in his loving arms re - pose!
 in my soul his love is shed, And royal blessings crown my head.
 in his glory he shall come, And bring his ransomed children home.

66. "LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAY!"

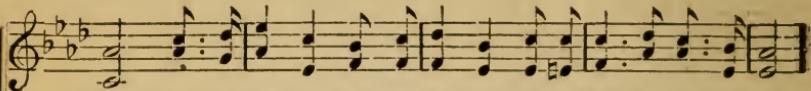
Matt. 28:20.

J. II.

JOSEPH HALE.



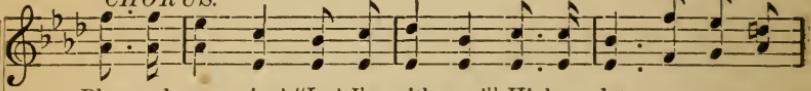
1. Sweetest prom-ise ev - er ut - tered By our bless - ed Lord and
2. All a - long throughout the a - ges Has this truth been ver - i
3. When a - midst the fier - y fur - nace Dan - iel's comrades safe-ly
4. When the saint - ed mar - tyr per - ished, Seem - ing - ly to man, a -
5. Friend and brother I trust this promise, Though thy path be dark and
6. When you near the swelling Jordan, Down its banks your footsteps



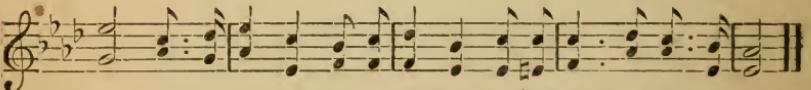
Friend; "Lo! I'm with you, alway with you, I am with you to the end." fied; In its strength have heroes conquered; Martyrs in its faith have died. trod, Side by side his trusting servants Walked th' incarnate Son of God. lone, Spite of Jewish rage and madness, Stephen's face like angel's shone. drear; He is faithful who has promised; Faith in him forbids all fear. wend, You shall hear above its surges, "Lo! I'm with you to the end."



CHORUS.



Bless - ed prom - ise! "Lo! I'm with you!" High-er let our notes as-



cend; "Lo! I'm with you, alway with you, I am with you to the end."



THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.
May be sung as a solo.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh! wondrous love, the love of Christ! The soul's sweet rest-ing
 2. A ref - uge from each rag-ing storm, A shel - ter from the
 3. Our ev - ery bur den he will bear, When we, in sim - ple

place, The palm - tree where we find a shade, The
 heat, A tower of strength, a qui - et home, Where
 faith, In child - like trust, cling and a - dore, And

Rock on which our hopes are laid— This love is per - fect peace.
 wea - ry, trou - bled hearts may come— A sure and safe re - treat.
 learn to love him more and more, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

REFRAIN.

Perfect peace, perfect peace, This love is perfect peace.
 Safe re - treat, safe re - treat, A sure and safe re - treat.
 What he saith, what he saith, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

Perfect peace, perfect peace, This love is per - fect peace.
 Safe retreat, safe retreat, A sure and safe re - treat.
 What he saith, what he saith, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

GATHERING HOME.

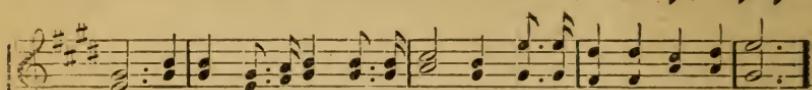
I. B.

Rev. 20 : 12.

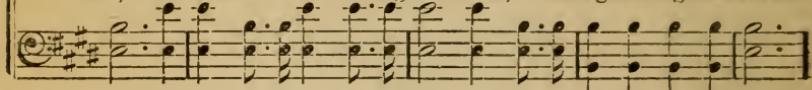
REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.



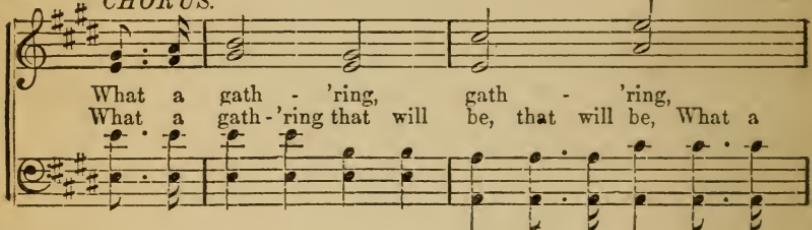
1. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper
 2. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju- bi-
 3. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless-ed Redeem-er to



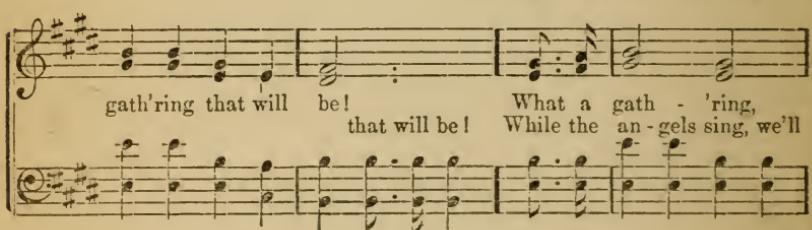
sea; We'll meet all the good and the faithful; What a gath'ring that will be! le-
 lee; We'll all gather home in the morning; What a gath'ring that will be! see;
 We'll meet with the friends gone before us; What a gath'ring that will be!



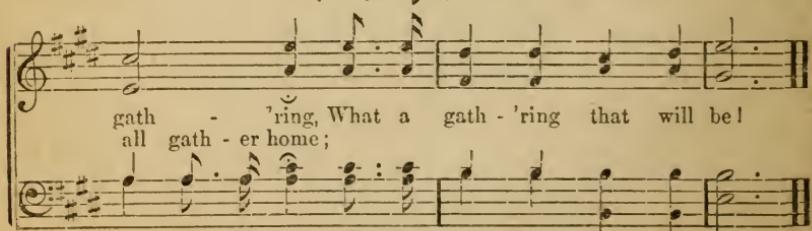
CHORUS.



What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 What a gath - 'ring that will be, that will be, What a



gath'ring that will be! What a gath - 'ring,
 that will be! While the an-gels sing, we'll



gath - 'ring, What a gath - 'ring that will be!
 all gath - er home;

69. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY.

Allegro.

Ps. 9:9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me
 Je-sus, lover of my soul, Je-sus, lov-er of my soul,
 to thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me
 Let me to thy bosom fly, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll,
 roll, While the tem-pest still is nigh; Hide me,
 While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh, While the tempest still is nigh;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 storm of life is past; Safe into the haven
 Till the storm of life is past, Till the storm of life is past! Safe in-to the haven guide,
 guide, Oh! receive my soul at last.
 Safe in-to the haven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last, my soul at last.

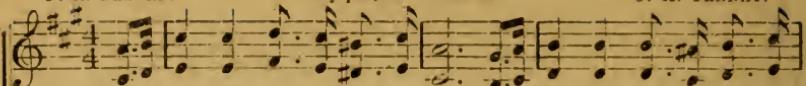
2. Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

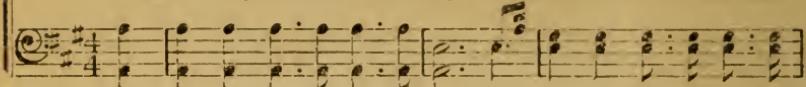
F. E. BELDEN.

By per. D. S. HAKES.

J. H. TENNEY.



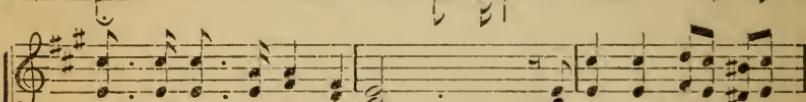
1. O Christian, i - dle all the day! 'Tis not e-nough to wait and
 2. Oh! stand not id - ly waiting by When sounds abroad the harvest
 3. Oh! work in earnest for the Lord, And trust him for the great re-
 4. Then to thy task! no more delay! Lest others bear the sheaves a-



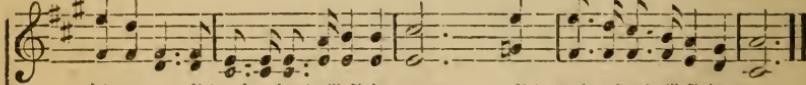
pray; The time is short, the la - bor great, Oh! work for Jesus while you cry! Go forth in - to the ripened field, And there for God the sickle ward; 'Tis he who la-bors wins the prize—No idler ever gained the way; Lest some one wear e-ter - nal - ly The crown of life that was for



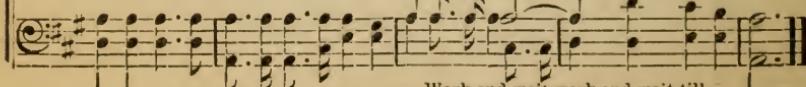
wait, while you wait. } Work and wait, work and wait, E-
 wield, the sickle wield. } skies, gained the skies. } thee, that was for thee. } Work and wait, Work and wait, E-



ter - ni-ty of rest is near; The time is short, the
 Work and wait.

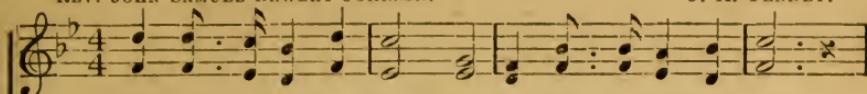


labor great—Oh! work and wait till Christ appears. Oh! work and wait till Christ appears.
 Work and wait.

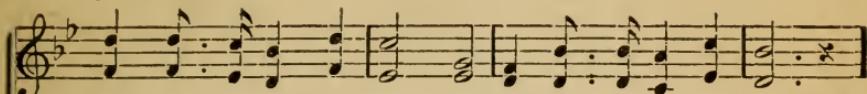
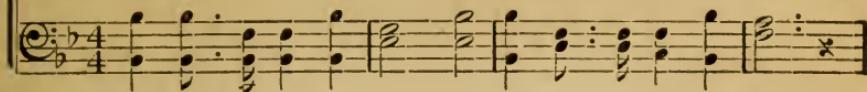


REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY JOHNSON.

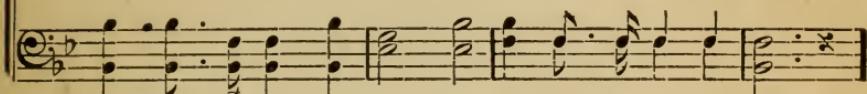
J. H. TENNEY.



1. To thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest;
2. Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am thine:
3. O thou, whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free,
4. Oh! for a heart to love thee More tru - ly as I ought,



My peace is in thy fav - or; My pil - low on thy breast.
 And thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav-iour mine!
 And then for-ev - er bound me With three-fold cords to thee!
 And noth - ing place a - bove thee In deed, or word, or thought.



CHORUS.



Prec - ious Sav - iour! let me ev - er Thy dis - ci - ple be,



Ev - er love thee, ev - er serve thee, Ev - er fol - low thee.



DAILY VICTORY.

From the CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

1 Cor 15: 57.

JOHN R. SWEENEY, by per.

Moderato.

1. I want a present living faith, That I may prove each day, each hour,
 2. I want a firm, unwavering faith, That bringeth good from seeming ill;
 3. I want a faith that falters not, Let skies be bright or tempest beat,

A - mid the toils and cares of life, My precious Sav - iour's
 That, e'en amid affliction's blast, Re-joice-es in the
 That 'mid earth's joys and cares and griefs, Vic-tori-ous sits at

love and power,(love and power); I want, a - mid the pet - ty cares That
 Father's will,(Father's will); That when long-cherished hope's denied, Still
 Jesus' feet,(Jesus' feet); Give me such faith, and then I know When

dai - ly weary and an - noy, To live by faith so near my God
 sings "a glad triumphant song," Knowing that he who reigns on high—
 I shall pass cold Jordan's wave, The faith that kept me day by day

That life shall be a constant joy,(constant joy.)
 A God of love can do no wrong,(do no wrong).
 Will be tri - umph ant o'er the grave,(o'er the grave).

I AM THE LIGHT,

THO. HYATT.
Moderato.

John 8:12.

JNO. R. SWEENEY, by per.

1. { My path is dark, Lord, very dark, No ray of light illumines my way ; }
A sweet voice whispers, Sad one, hark ! [OMIT 2d time.....]

CHORUS.

Oh, hear the blest Redeemer say:

I am the light,
I am the light, yes, I am the light,

I am the light, Oh, walk in the light, oh, walk in the light, oh,
I am the light, yes, I am the light,

walk in the light, Then visions of bliss will break on thy sight, Break, break break on thy
Break, will break, will

sight; And the path I shall lead will ever be bright. Ever, yes, ever be bright!

2. I'm burdened, Lord, and sore opprest,
I faint beneath the heavy load;
But Jesus says, In Me find rest;
For all along the weary road,
I am the light, etc.

3. I'm vile, Lord, very, very vile,
And sin assails with mighty power;
A whisper comes, a heavenly smile,
I'll cleanse thy heart this very hour.

4. I come, dear Lord, with every cloud,—
My burdens all to thee I bring,
And cast my sins, with praises loud,
On him whose wondrous grace I sing.

*Thou art the light ! thou art the light !
Forever, dear Jesus, I'll walk in this light :
Lo, visions of bliss now break on my sight, —
It is glory, all glory, my pathway is bright,
 Ever, yes, ever is bright !*

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Rev. 3:20.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hear Jesus knocking at the door of thy heart ! Haste ! lest in weariness thy
 2. Hear Jesus knocking, for he now comes to thee, He whose love is boundless, and whose
 3. Hear Jesus knocking ! ah ! he turns, turns away ! Sinner, wilt thou let him leave thee,

guest should depart ! Long has he waited, and in love waits to-day, grace makes us free ; All things are ready ; if thy heart thou wilt give, or bid him stay ? Soul, thou art starving, wilt thou still, still refuse ?

CHORUS.

Ea - ger for thy coming, sinner, wilt thou delay ? }
 Je - sus then shall enter in, and thy soul shall live. } Oh ! then receive him !
 Hasten, thou art dying ! sinner, death wilt thou choose ?

Christ shall be thine ! Never didst thou en - ter - tain a guest so divine ;

Ne'er one so royal at thy door called for thee ; Haste ! to admit him, and thy Saviour he'll be.

75.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

John 1: 9.

JAS. R. SWEENEY, by per

presence is near; He is my salvation from sorrow and sin, This
up thro' the skies, Where Jesus for- ev- er in glory doth reign; Then

CHORUS.

light, He is my joy, and my song, By
Lord is my light, He is my joy, and my song, By

day and by night, He leads, he leads me a - long.
day and by night, by day and by night,

3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my
strength,

I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
My weakness in mercy he covers with pow'r,

And walking by faith I am saved every hour.

4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all,
There is in his sight no darkness at all;
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King,
With saints and with angels his praises I
sing.

76. WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

Adapted.

Col. 1 : 3.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray; You are
 2. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, Though we
 3. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, And by
 4. Then we'll pray for one an - oth - er, then we'll pray, And we'll

not alone, my brother, in the way; For the Saviour's by your side, And the
 meet with many trials on our way; If we sit at Jesus' feet, When he
 faith and pray'r we'll surely gain the day; Then we'll lay our armor down, And re-
 live and work for Jesus every day; When the storms of life are o'er, We will

Bi - ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer every day.
 comes our souls to greet, We will find his promise sure ev - ery day.
 ceive a fadeless crown, We'll receive a crown that fades not a-way.
 meet to part no more, In that hap - py, hap - py home, far a-way.

CHORUS.

We will pray, We will pray, We will
 We will pray for one another, We will pray for one another,
 pray for one an - oth - er Till we all get home.

77.

TRUST A LITTLE LONGER.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Matt. 10: 22.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Up the nar - row heavenly road Climb a lit - tle long - er;
 2. With a fierce and bit - ter foe Press the strug - gle long - er;
 3. 'Mid the dark - ness of earth's night, Walk a lit - tle long - er;

As you onward bear your load, Christ will make you stronger. Tho' your courage
 To the conflict you must go By his grace made stronger; Vic - to - ry was
 In the absence of the light, Let your faith grow stronger; When the day dawn

wane and fail When the skies look dreary, Thogh the flesh be weak and frail,
 won by Christ When on Calv'ry dy - ing; Go and conquer ev - ery sin,
 shall appear, Through the shadows peering, You shall find that he is near,

CHORUS.

Work, and never wea - ry. }
 On his pow'r rely - ing. } In the love of Christ abide; Let your faith grow
 Comforting and cheering.

strong - er; Cast away all doubt and fear; Trust a lit - tle long - er.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.

Con spirito.

1. { We're a happy pilgrim band, Sailing to the goodly land; With a
 Though the tempest rages long, There is One among the throng Who will
 2. { When the mighty billows swell, With the saved it shall be well, Tho' the
 Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm, For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll

CHORUS.

swelling sail we onward sweep; } We are sail - - - ing o'er the
 guide the sail - or o'er the deep. }
 breakers roar up - on the lea; } We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing,
 guide us safe - ly o'er the sea. }

sea, . . . We are sail - - - ing o'er the
 sail - ing o'er the sea, We are sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing,

sea, . . . We are drift - - - ing toward the
 sail - ing o'er the sea, We are drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing,

lea, . . . We are drift - - - ing toward the lea.
 drifting t'ward the lea, We are drifting, drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing t'ward the lea.

79. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

Words and Music by

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are ended, and
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home; In life's darkest hours, Father,

parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from thee I'll
When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from thee I

Rit. *p*
roam, If thou'l on - ly lead me. Fath-er, Lead me gently home.
roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gent - ly home, Fath-er, Lead me gent - ly
Lead me gently home, Fath-er, Lead me gently home, Fath-er,

Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gent-ly home.
Lead me gent-ly, gently home.

REV. GEORGE D. WATSON.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { O sweet will of God ! thou hast girded me round, Like the deep moving
 With omnip - o - tent love is my poor nature bound, And this bondage to
 2. { For years my will wrestled with vague discontent, That like a sad
 God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent, And my heart ever

CHORUS.

currents that gir - dle the sea ; } love sets me por - fect - ly free. } Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal - le - lu - jah ! my
 an - gel o'ershadowed my way ; }
 longed for an un - clouded day. }

soul is now free ! For the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth e - ven me.

3. My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke
 There was pain, and not peace, at the press of the load,
 Till the glorious burden the last fibre broke,
 And I melted like wax in the furnace of God.

4. And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
 Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
 I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
 And I just let my God his dear purpose fulfill.

5. I care not for self; all my blessings and pains
 I gladly yield up to the mandate above;
 My crosses and triumphs, my losses and gains,
 I bury them all in the vortex of love.

6. And now my King Jesus has all his own way,
 I want but to catch his low whispering word;
 'Tis my bliss to lie low 'neath his scepter's bright sway,
 For my triumph I see in each step of my Lord.

7. Forever I choose the good will of my God,
 Its holy deep riches to love and to know,
 The serfdom of love to so sweeten the rod,
 That its touch maketh rivers of honey to flow.

8. Roll on, checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears,
 My soul sweetly sails on an infinite tide;
 I shall soon touch the shores of eternity's years,
 And near the white throne of my Saviour abide.

W. O. CUSHING.

Matt. 25: 10.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



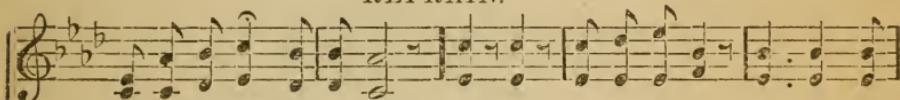
1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hopeless and unfor-
 2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all
 3. Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Remember the love that he



giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should
 o - ver, To know that the reapers had gathered the grain, And
 gave you; The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And



REFRAIN.



answer: No room in heaven!
 left thee alone for-ev - er! } Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
 Jesus now waits to save you.



heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for



Slow and soft.



thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!



82. I HAVE TAKEN UP THE CROSS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

CHORUS.

DELAY NOT TO COME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWEENEY, by per.

1. De - lay not to come to Christ! The moments are fleet - ing.
 2. De - lay not to come to Christ! Thy heart will grow hard as
 3. De - lay not to come to Christ! For soon it may be too

on, And ere thou art scarce a - ware, The
 steel, Un - til, though the Sav - iour calls, Thy
 late, And thou may'st be left in sin, Un-

CHORUS.

day of thy life may be gone. } De - lay not to
 spir - it no long - er can feel. } De - lay not, de - lay not, O
 pardoned at sweet mercy's gate. }

come, . . . De - lay . . . not to come, . . . While
 sin-ner, to come, De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For

Je - - sus in - vites, . . . Delay not, delay not to come.
 Jesus hath power to save thee this hour, Oh, delay not, delay not to come!

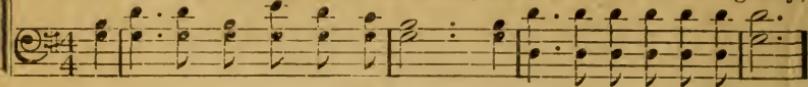
84. THE THRONE IN MY HEART.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

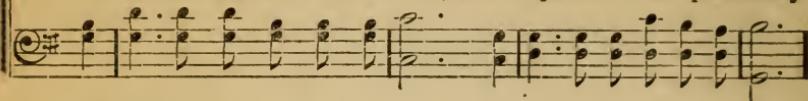
JNO. R. SWENY.



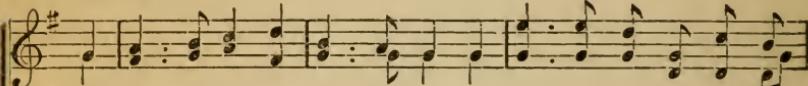
1. Within the tem-ple of my heart The Saviour has a blest retreat;
 2. He keeps the kingdom of my soul In constant and in perfect peace;
 3. No foes can drive him from the throne, While he wields love-controlling sway;



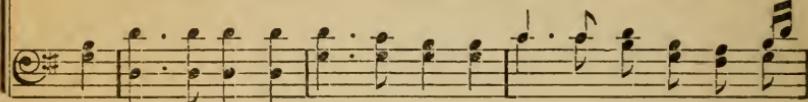
In - to that sa - cred, hallowed shrine There come no sin-polluted feet.
 I give my - self to his con - trol, The Lord is mine, and I am his.
 He cares for and de-fends his own, And keeps them to the perfect day.



CHORUS.



O Je - sus! reign thou in my heart, Up - on the mys - tic in - ner



throne, And all thy wealth of love im -

in - ner throne,



rit.

part, And seal and keep me all thine own.



85. JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE.

Words and Music by

E. O. EXCELL, by per.



1. Why do you linger in darkness so long? Je - sus is waiting to save!
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save!
3. Time will not linger, how soon we must go! Jesus is waiting to save!
4. Jesus is calling, "Oh, come unto me!" Je - sus is waiting to save!
5. While we are praying, oh, stay not away! Je - sus is waiting to save!

save you now!

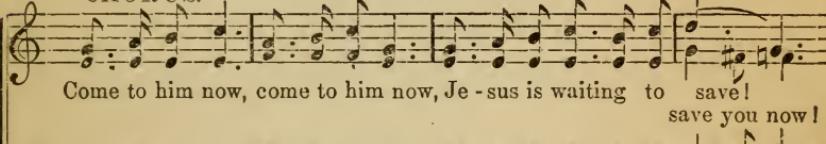


Have you not friends in the heavenly throng? Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Angels are longing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Why turn away, and to Jesus say no? Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Pardon is purchased, salvation is free; Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Come to him now, not a moment delay; Je - sus is waiting to save!

save you now!



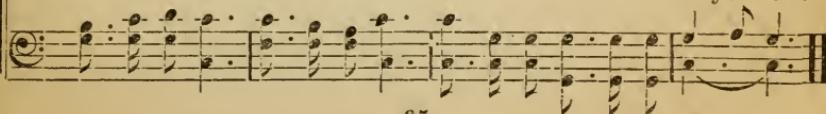
CHORUS.



Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!



Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!



86.

CLING CLOSER TO JESUS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

John 16: 33.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling closer to Jesus, Ye weary ones, cling, And rest 'neath the shadow
 2. Cling closer to Je-sus, Ye penitents, cling, His mercy shall sweeten
 3. Cling closer to Jesus, Come, Christian, and cling; Un-to him your troubles

Of his mighty wing; Nor from that blest shelter Go ev-er as-tray;
 The bitterest sting; His patience, his kindness Come feel while you may;
 And suffering bring; He'll bear every bur-den, And lighten your way;

CHORUS.

Cling closer to Je-sus, Cling closer to day!
 Cling closer to Je-sus, Cling closer to day!
 Cling closer to Je-sus, Cling closer to day!

Rit.

Your refuge and stay! Cling closer to Je-sus, Still clos-er to-day!

87.

I LOVE TO WAIT.

WM. PECK SMITH.

Matt. 18: 20.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I love to wait At mer - ey's gate, In low - liest pray'r; He
 2. No thought or sigh He pass - es by;—For ev - ery pray'r On
 3. I'll ne'er for - get The mer - ey-seat In joy or woe, Till
 4. I'll see thee then, Loved Guar - di - an, So pure and bright; The

hears my voice, And I re - joice To find my Saviour there -
 high is heard, And like a bird, Flies all my fear and care.
 life is fled, And I shall tread Be - yond the dir - est foe.
 night is gone, I see thy throne Of ev - er - last - ing light.

88.

SWEPT AND GARNISHED.

FANNY CROSBY.

May be sung as a Solo.

Matt. 12: 44.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. All my doubts like clouds have vanished, And my sky is clean and clear,
 2. To his will I bow with meekness, To his will my all re-sign,

Je-sus is my hope of glo-ry, Yes, my hope without a fear.
 What a bless-ing, what a comfort, I am his and he is mine!

CHORUS.

Swept and garnished for the Master, Is my heart, oh! praise his name!

Every sweet and precious promise, Now by sim-ple faith I claim.

3. In my trials he supports me,
 All my burdens helps me bear,
 Oh! I feel a sacred nearness
 When I seek his face in prayer.

4. When I reach the vale of shadows
 Pleasant will the journey be,
 I shall have his voice to comfort,
 And his smile to rest on me.

89.

THE HEALING STREAM.

REV. L. WHITE.

Zech. 13: 1.

W. R. JEFFORY.

1. { There is a fountain deep and wide, which flows for every nation;
 'Twas opened when the Saviour died, And there is full sal-va-tion.
 1. { By faith I touch the healing stream That flows from Calvary's mountain;
 I trust, and oh! what joy I feel! I know I'm near the fountain.

CHORUS.

Oh! praise the Lord! I know and feel That Jesus is my Saviour, Saviour.

3. I rest my long-divided heart
 On Christ, the sure foundation;
 He cleanses me in every part,
 And works a new creation.

4. I rise, on wings of love and light,
 Above the world's commotion;
 With heart made pure and garments white,
 I bathe in love's deep ocean.

90.

LORD, IS IT I?

Not too fast.

Luke. 22: 43.

J. E. HALL.

1. "Lord, is it I?" I ask in tears and sadness, I, thy dis-ci-ple
at thy sacred board. Who from thy cup hath drank, Thy bread hath broken?
D.S. Distrusting all but thee and thy great merit,
Fine. CHORUS.

Oh! is it I who shall be-tray the Lord? "Lord, is it I?" oh!
Oh! blessed Sav-iour, keep me in thy care!
cheer my drooping spir-it! Un-to thy Cross I cling in humble prayer,
2. "Lord, is it I?" Thou knowest that I love thee; 3. "Lord, is it I?" I tremble at the question;
I love thy habitation and thy seat; Oh! is my faith so weak in Christ, my God,
I love to hear thy Gospel's holy teaching; That I, for worldly gain, could sell my Master,
With Mary I would worship at thy feet. That I, for worldly joys, deny my Lord?

91. WHILE JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Prov. 18: 24.

DR. J. A. MUNK.

Fine.

1. { While Je-sus is my Sav-iour, The world has lit-tle charm; }
My soul is safe and peace-ful, En-fold-ed in his arm; }

D. C. Through confiict and temp-ta-tion, Up to the bet-ter land. D.C.

He keeps my feet from stray-ing, And leads me by the hand,

2. Without the love of Jesus
My joy is incom-plete;
There is no other plea-sure
So rich or half so sweet;
No heart like his so tender;
No grace like his so free;
No love so warm and fervent
As that of Christ to me.

3. I want to follow Jesus;
I want to taste his love;
I want to share his glory,
And live with him above.
O Christ! thy mercy give me;
Close fold me to thy breast;
Lord, evermore befriend me,
And bring me to thy rest.

92. BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

With deep feeling.

Mark 15: 25.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus, With - out a spot or stain, By
 2. His hands and feet are pierc - ed; He can - not hide his face; And

wick - ed hands was tak - en, And cru - ci - fied and slain.
 eru - el men stand gaz - ing, In crowds a - bout the place.

CHORUS.

Look, look—if you can bear it, Look at your dy - ing Lord! Stand
 near the cross and watch him; "Be - hold the Lamb of God!"

3. For you and me he suffered :
 'Twas for our sins he died ;
 And not for our sins only,
 But all the world's beside !

4. Ah, wonderful redemption !
 God's remedy for sin ;
 The door of heav'n is open,
 And you may enter in.

93. THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25: 1.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise when the
 Bridegroom came, And trusting, oh! trusting, yes, trusting when the Bridegroom came.

2. Five of them were foolish when the Bride - 5. The righteous were accepted when the
 groom came, And doubting, etc. Bridegroom came, And praising, etc.

3. The wise took their oil when the Bride - 6. The foolish were rejected when the Bride -
 groom came, And singing, etc. groom came, And wailing, etc.

4. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom 7. Will you all be ready when the Bridegroom
 came, And weeping, etc. comes, And waiting? etc.

PARDONED.

Matt. 9:2.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sorrowing sinner, weep no more; Christ is stand-ing at the door;
 Haste, and on his pierc-ed feet Pour thy heart's ob-lation sweet;
 He will love thee, He will love thee, And will leave thee nev-ermore.

2. He hath seen the bended knee; He hath heard thy contrite plea;
 Not in vain thy soul hath wept; Not in vain its vigil kept.
 While yet praying, hear him saying: "All thy sins I bear for thee."

3. Saved from wrath and sanctified Thro' the blood of his dear side,
 Never from thy happy heart Let the heavenly guest depart;
 He is with thee; Bid him with thee Ever, evermore abide.

HIS PROMISE I RECEIVE.

John 3:16.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain, sin, remove.
 2. Let an-ger, sloth, desire and pride, This moment be subdued;

Now in my wait-ing soul re-veal The vir-tue of thy love.
 Be cast in-to the crimson tide Of my Redeemer's blood.

D.S. come to him, I trust in him, I will—I do be-lieve.

CHORUS. D.S.

By faith, by faith in Je-sus' blood, His promise I re-ceive; I

3. Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
 My present Saviour thou!
 In all the confidence of hope
 I claim the blessing now.

4. 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.

FILL ME NOW.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Hover o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh! bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, oh! come, and fill me now.
 But I need thee, greatly need thee, Come, oh! come, and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

CHORUS.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now.

97. TAKE YOUR SINS TO JESUS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

For Male Voices.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Take your sins to Je - sus, Weary, burdened soul; He will give you
 2. Take your sins to Je - sus, He will set you free; Come, with all your
 3. Take your sins to Je - sus, Give him all your heart; He will seal your

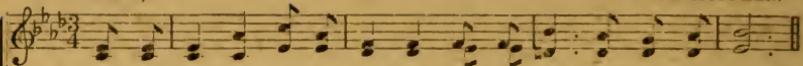
com-fort, He will make you whole; Cease to look with-in you; Look to
 bur - den To Mount Cal - va - ry; All your bit - ter weeping Adds but
 par - don, And his love im-part; On - ly he can save you; Why sq

Christ and live; Take your sins to Je - sus, Free - ly he'll for-give.
 to your grief; Take your sins to Je - sus, If you want re-lief.
 long de-lay? Take your sins to Je - sus, While 'tis called to-day.

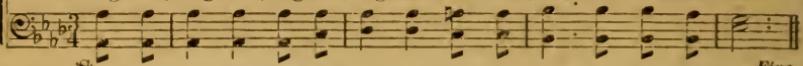
98. GLORY, GLORY, I AM SAVED!

J. C. REED, D. D.

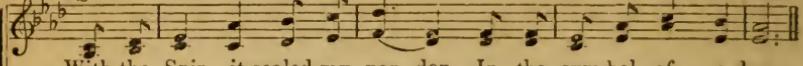
E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Je - sus found me at the Jordan, Thrilled me with his saving love,
 2. Je - sus found me weary, lone-ly, Seeking rest from earthly strife;
 3. High - er still the great atonement Pleads my ransomed soul to bring;
 4. High-er, high-er, high-er, higher! Je - sus, Je - sus—is there more?



Fine.

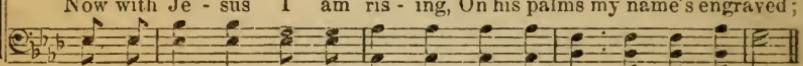


With the Spir - it sealed my par - don, In the sym - bol of a dove.
 Then he spake and said, "I on - ly Am the Way, the Truth, the Life."
 Glo - ry, glo - ry! 'tis enthronement With my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 "Yes, the liv - ing tongues of fire; Yes, the Pen - te - cost - al power.



D.S. Now my soul he is bap - tiz - ing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! I am saved! D.S.

CHORUS.

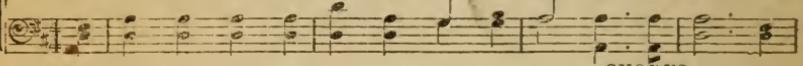


99. I LONG TO BE THERE.

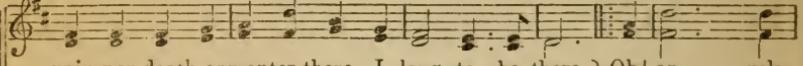
WILL. L. THOMPSON, by per.



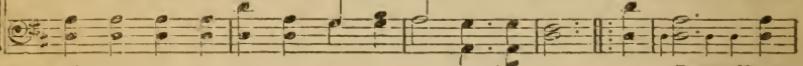
1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, I long to be there, No
 2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there; That
 3. My fath - er's house is built on high, I long to be there, Far,
 4. When from this earth - ly pris - on free, I long to be there, That



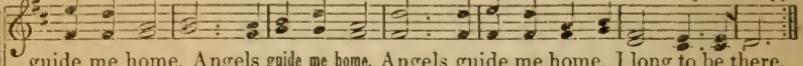
CHORUS.



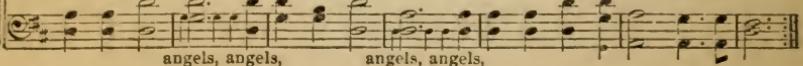
pain nor death can enter there, I long to be there. } Oh! an - gels,
 heavenly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there. }
 far a - bove the star-ry sky, I long to be there. }
 heavenly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there. } angels, angels,



Repeat Cho. pp.



guide me home, Angels guide me home, Angels guide me home, I long to be there.



angels, angels,

angels, angels,

100.

NOT WORTHY, LORD.

BICKERSTETH.

Luke 7:43.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Not worthy, Lord ! to gath - er up the crumbs With trembling hand, that
 A wea - ry, heav - y - la - den sinner comes, To plead thy promise
 2. { I am not wor - thy to be thought thy child, Nor sit the least and
 Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled, I on - ly ask one

CHORUS.

from thy ta - ble fall, }
 and o - obey thy call. } Re - ceive me, Saviour, With grace and fa-vor,
 low - est at thy board; }
 rec - on - cil - ing word. }

And dwell for - ev - er In this poor heart of mine!

3. And is not tender mercy thine to give, 4. My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine? My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
 Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive, Dwell thou forever in my heart, and there
 And thine the greater glory, only thine. Lord ! let me up with thee ; sup thou with me.

101. HEAR AND BLESS US, SAVIOUR!

Gen. 27:38.

J. E. HALL.

Slow.

1. Lord, in this thy mer-cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a-way,
 2. Lord, on us thy Spir-it pour, Kneel-ing low - ly at the door;

On our knees we fall and pray; Hear and bless us, Sav - iour!
 Ere it close for - ev - er more, Hear and bless us, Sav - iour!

REFRAIN.

Hear and bless, Hear and bless, Hear and bless us, Sav - iour!

3. By thy night of agony,
 By thy supplicating cry,
 By thy willingness to die, etc.

4. Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace
 Ere we shall behold thy face, etc.

102. I'VE FOUND THE HEAVENLY WAY.

REV. L. WHITE.

O. MEREDITH.

1. I've found to - day the heavenly way, And Je - sus is the light;
 2. And now I know, where'er I go, The pow'r of grace di-vine;
 3. O wond - rous grace that I em-brace! O pre - cious Sav - iour mine!

Fine.

'Tis he who, by his bless-ed Word Has ban - ished all my night.
 No sin re-mains, for Je - sus reigns In this poor heart of mine.
 Lead in the light, both day and night, And keep me ev - er thine.

D.S. My heart is rest - ing at his feet; My peace is made complete.

CHORUS.

I've found the Lord—O joy divine! Now I am his, and he is mine!

103.

GOD IS LOVE.

For Male Voices.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I can - not always trace the way Where thou, Almighty One, dost
 2. When fear her chilling mantle flings O'er earth, my soul to heav'n a -
 3. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re -

move; But I can al - ways, al - ways say That God is
 bove As to her na - tive home upsprings, For God is
 prove; In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, That God is

love; But I can al - ways, al - ways say, That God is love.
 love; As to her na - tive home upsprings, For God is love.
 love; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.

104. ENTER BY THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

REV. L. WHITE.

Heb. 10:19.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. { The Holiest Place stands o - pen wide; En - ter by the blood of
 The shad - owing veil now hangs aside; En - ter by the blood of
 2. { Come, en - ter now this Holiest Place, En - ter by the blood of
 Where Christ unveils his shining face; En - ter by the blood of

CHORUS.

Je - sus! Je - sus! } With - in the sa - cred vail Pure love and

peace prevail, God's promise ne'er can fail; Enter by the blood of Jesus!

3. Here, soul, is cleansing, full and free;
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!
 Here God's Shekinah you can see;
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

4. By faith your soul may now prevail,
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!
 And pass beyond the second vail;
 Enter by the blood of Jesus!

105. WE WILL HAVE A HAPPY TIME?

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Parents, wont you come along? Parents, won't you come along?
 2. Therē we'll sit at Je - sus' feet, There we'll sit at Je - sus feet,

CHO. There we'll have a hap - py time, There we'll have a happy time, &c.

Parents, won't you come a - long To the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
 There we'll sit at Je - sus' feet, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

3. Children, won't you go along? &c.

4. There we shall our loved ones meet, &c.

Words and Music by

L. S. RIGGS.

1. In Je-sus I've found a sweet rest From sorrow, from toil, and from
 2. I came to the Lord for re-lieve When burdened with guilt and with
 3. Though ma-ny the troubles I meet— He'll keep me and help me a-
 4. All glo-ry and praise to thy name For what thou didst suf-fer for

care; In him I am happy and blest, For he all my burdens doth bear!
 sin; He cleansed me and gave me his peace, The Spirit to witness within.
 long; I'll sit at his glo-ri-fied feet, For he is my joy and my song.
 me, For sav-ing my soul when I came And gave myself up un-to thee.

CHORUS.

Oh! how happy am I, With my Saviour so nigh! I have found sweet rest On Jesus' dear breast.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Ps. 63:4

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 2. I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je-sus so sweetly abides within,
 3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet;

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to his name!
 Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his name!
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo-ry to his name!

D.S. There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to his name!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

108. I LONG TO LOVE THEE MORE.

Words and Music by E. A. H.

1st. 2nd.

CHORUS.

1. { Lord, I love thee, but I'm longing, Longing o'er and o'er
To be thine in fuller measure, And to love thee.....more. }
2. { Lord, I serve thee, but my service Is, alas! too cold;
Perfect service would I render For thy love un.....told. }

Down at thy feet I bow; Oh, breathe on me thy blessing, And fully save me now.

3. Lord, I trust thee, but my trusting,
Oh, how weak it is!
And I want a better, deeper,
Stronger faith than this.

4. Lord, I need thee—how I need thee
In this heart of mine,
Fully to renew and cleanse me,
And to keep me thine.

109. SOUL BREATHINGS.

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, thou Spir - it, wounding, heal - ing, In the form of flame or dove;
2. Wak - en ev - ery pure e - mo - tion, Scat - ter ev - ery rising fear,
3. Come, the heav'n's unfold - ing, With its endless shores of bliss,
4. Come, thou Spir - it, all-transform - ing, Come with power from a - bove,

Come, with all thy great re - veal - ing Of a Savior's dy - ing love.
That in deep and strong de - vo - tion To the cross we may draw near.
That the fu - ture life be - hold - ing, We may lose our love of this.
Cleans - ing, seal - ing, and re - fin - ing, Per - fect - ing our souls in love.

CHORUS.

Show us Je - sus, bleeding, dying, While we sing and as we pray;

His most precious blood apply - ing, Wash our stains of sin a - way.

110. HALLELUJAH! I AM FREE.

E. A. H.

REV. B. C. OTYLER
CHORUS.

1. { Now the chains of sin are broken, I am free, I'm free ;
Christ the word of power has spoken, Unto me, to me. } Hal-le-lu-jah ! hal-le-
2. { Soon as by faith received him, Fled the night, the night ;
In the moment I believed him, Came the light, the light. }

lu-jah ! Je-sus died for me ; Hal-le-lu-jah ! hal-le-lujah ! I am free, I'm free. }

3. All the fetters that oppressed me,
Now are riv'n, are riv'n :
With his precious love he blessed me,
This to me is heav'n.

4. I will tell the wondrous story
Of his grace and love ;
He has filled my soul with glory,
Praise the Lord above !

111. HE KNOWS BEST.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Let Jesus lead thee ; surely he knows best Which way is safest for thy ea- ger soul ;
2. Let Jesus help thee ; surely he knows best What is thy strength, and what thy toil and need ;
3. Let Jesus teach thee ; surely he knows best What lessons thou dost need to make thee wise ;
4. Let Jesus keep thee ; surely he knows best What hidden dangers lie along thy way ;

Walk where he leads and trust him for the rest, And he will bring thee to the highest goal.
Do what thou canst, and leave to him the rest, And he will make thy trust thy noblest deed.
Receive what he makes plain and leave the rest, Till thou shalt see him with immortal eyes.
Go, watch and fight and pray, and leave the rest To him who is thy everlast - ing stay.

CHORUS.

Let Jesus save thee : surely he knows best How great the curse, how deep the woe of sin ;

Believe, o - bey, and he will do the rest, And so thy faith eter - nal life shall win.

112. I AM SAVED ETERNALLY.

"For he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1, 21.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

W. A. GALPIN.

1. I was lost in woe and blindness, In the wea - ry wilds of
 2. Long ago he came to save me, And to bring me to his
 3. Jesus is my joy and glo - ry; He is all in all to

sin, And with ev - erlasting kindness, My Redeemer took me in.
 fold; All he had he freely gave me—Blood and life and love untold.
 me, And I long to tell the sto - ry Of his mercy full and free.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus died and I am
 free, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved eter - nal - ly.

113. COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD.

ISAAC SMITH.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - hov - ah
 is the sov - reign God, The u - ni- ver - sal King.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

114.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

115.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,—
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

116.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit!
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

117.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore!
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

118.

- 1 O happy day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
With him of every good possessed.

119.

- 1 Oh, come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove, —
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right, —
According to thy will and word, —
Well pleasing in thy sight.

120.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure, —
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow, —
Could my zeal no languor know, —
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne, —
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

121.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

122.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worn as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away, —
'Tis all that I can do.

123.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

124.

1 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet!
Emptied, that he might fill me
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might flow.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand,
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command!
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will,
Willing, should he not require me
In silence to wait on him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour
see!

Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of Blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

125.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

126.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more!

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

127.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

128.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the Cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fonght to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

129.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

130.

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for
thee;
Oh! burst these bonds and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail thy affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art cleau.
- 3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Did once for all my sins atone;
Thy blood can make me "white as
snow;"
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 4 By faith I to that fountain fly
To purge my sins of deepest dye;
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me
From all my heart's impurity.

131.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
¶: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!¶
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
¶: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer!¶
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
'Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
¶: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!¶

132.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God

133.

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

134.

- 1 How oft have I the Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove!
How obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on his love!
How have I sinned against the light,
Broken from his embrace,
And would not, when I freely might,
Be justified by grace!
- 2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,—
He doth not yet depart;
He will not give the sinner o'er;
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.
- 3 I take thee at thy gracious word;
My foolishness I mourn;
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn:
Saviour, I yield, I yield at last;
I bear thy speaking blood;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God.

135.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

- 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call!
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart:
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

136.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place:
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

137.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble any where?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

138.

- 1 O glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
ness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

139.

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died he for me, who caused his pain ?
For me, who him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for
me ?
- 2 He left his Father's throne above ; .
(So free, so infinite his grace !)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me !
- 3 No condemnation now I dread,—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine ;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine.
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ
my own.

140.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and
vale,
With milk and honey flow.

- 4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

141.

- 1 Called from above I rise,
And wash away my sin ;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.
- 2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide ;
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side.
- 3 Deep in my soul I feel
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell,
And full salvation sing.
- 4 O life-reviving flood,
Through all my senses flow !
Till all I am is lost in God,
And I but Jesus know.
- 5 My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully his.

142.

- 1 Jesus now is my salvation,
He has saved me from all sin ;
Thro' his blood I have redemption,
And I rest complete in him.
O the joy of full salvation !
How it thrills my inmost soul !
Spread the news to every nation :
Jesus' blood has made me whole.
- 2 By his royal proclamation,
Sin's dominion now is o'er,
And in conscious full salvation
I may sing forever-more.
O the joy of full salvation !
How it thrills my inmost soul !
Spread the news to every nation :
Jesus blood has made me whole.
- 3 O the love of my Redeemer !
O the wonders of his grace !
I will praise his name forever,
And rejoice before his face.
O the joy of full salvation !
How it thrills my inmost soul !
Spread the news to every nation :
Jesus blood has made me whole.
Why don't you come to Jesus ?
Why don't you come to Jesus ?
Why don't you come to Jesus and be
saved ?

143.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

144.

- 1 We praise thee, O God ! for the Son
of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone
above.
- Chorus :—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
Hallelujah ! amen.
- 2 We praise thee, O God ! for thy Spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has
cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us,
and guided our ways,

145.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all-sacred fire !
Come, fill thy earthly temples now ;
Emptied of every base desire,
Reign thou within, and only thou.
- 2 Thy sovereign right, thy gracious claim,
To every thought and every power—
Our lives—to glorify thy name,
We yield in this accepted hour.
- 3 Fill every chamber of the soul ;
Fill all our thoughts, our passions
fill,
Till under thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

- 4 My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine ;
The altar sanctifies the gift ;
The blood insures the boon divine.
- 5 'Tis done ! thou dost this moment come ;
My longing soul is all thine own ;
My heart is thy abiding home ;
Henceforth I live for thee alone.
- 6 Now rise, exulting rise, my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise ;
His name through earth and skies extol,
With all thy power through all thy
days.

146.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-aton ing Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home ;
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

147.

- 1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee !
- 3 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 4 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

148.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;—
The midsummer's sun shines but dim ;
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice ;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

149.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains]
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone :

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And make me free from sin.

4 To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love ;
Give me the new and perfect heart
That Satan cannot move.

5 I would be thine ; thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own ;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good !
I want, and thee alone.

150.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my
Lord ;
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee,
my God ;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou
dost know ;
But how much I love thee, I never can
show.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous
account !

My joys are immortal, I stand on the
mount !
I gaze on my treasure and long to be
there
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so
dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour ! with thee I am
blest !

My life and salvation, my joy and my
rest !
Thy name be my theme, and thy love
be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart
and my tongue.

151.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine !

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

152.

1 Would you know why I love Jesus ?
Why he is so dear to me ?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sins has ransomed me.

Chorus :—This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love him so :
He atoned for my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow,
white as snow.

2 Would you know why I love Jesus ?
Why he is so dear to me ?
'Tis because the blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

3 Would you know why I love Jesus ?
Why he is so dear to me ?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus ?
Why he is so dear to me ?
is because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

153.

- 1 Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

154.

- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Chorus :—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

155.

- 1 Now crucified with Christ I am,
The self within is slain;
But still I live, and yet not I,
Christ lives in me again.

Chorus.

I am sinking out of self, out of self,
into Christ;
Sinking out of self into Christ;
I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self,
Sinking out of self into Christ.

- 2 Dead to the world and sin I am,
Alive in God alone;
The life I have I live by faith
In God's beloved Son.
- 3 The throne of self within my heart
The King of saints doth fill;
My spirit crowns him Lord of all,
And waits to do his will.

156.

- 1 Ever-blessed Jesus,
Listen unto me,
Bow thine ear and hear me,
While I call to thee;
I am weak and sinful,
Thou art pure and strong;
Take my hand, dear Jesus,
Lead thy child along.

Chorus :—Take my hand, dear Jesus,
Let me never stray;
Take my hand and lead me
In the better way.

- 2 Ever-blessed Jesus,
Bless thy wayward child;
Keep my feet from straying
Thro' the desert wild;
I would never wander
From thy loving side;
Ever-blessed Jesus,
Be my constant guide.

- 3 Help me, blessed Jesus,
Leave me not alone;
Give me strength and patience,
Till each duty's done;
And when life is ended,
I thy face would see;
Hear my prayer, dear Jesus,
Take me up to thee.

157.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

158.

- 1 I have a Father in the promised land,
I have a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
- Chorus:**—I'll away, I'll away to the
promised land,
I'll away, I'll away to the promised
land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls me, I must go.
To meet him in the promised land.
—*Cho.*

- 3 I hope to meet you in the promised
land,
I hope to meet you in the promised
land,
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
—*Cho.*

159.

- 1 There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by,
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good that we may do,
While the days are going by!

- Chorus:**—While going by, while going by,
While going by, while going by,
Oh, the good we may be doing
While the days are going by!

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes!
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

160.

- 1 In some way or other the Lord will
provide:
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in his *own* way,
"The Lord will provide."
- 2 At some time or other the Lord will
provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond then no longer; the Lord
will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

161.

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish:
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
—God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

162.

1 I am a poor way-faring stranger,
I'm journeying through this world
of woe;
There is no sickness, toil or danger,
In that bright world to which I go.

Chorus :—I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm going, going over Jordan,
I'm going, going over home.

2 I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,

I know my path is rough and steep;
But beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

Chorus :—I'm going there to see my children,

They've gone before me, one by one.

3 I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with that blood-washed band;

I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land.

Chorus :—I'm going there to see my sister,

She said she'd meet me when I come.

4 I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body sleep in the old church-yard;

I'll drop the cross of self denial,
And enter on my rich reward.

Chorus :—I'm going there to see my Saviour,
To sing his praise in heaven's dome.

163.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun
me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

164.

1 Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

165.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knecks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Chorus :—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin!
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands,
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That-soul destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

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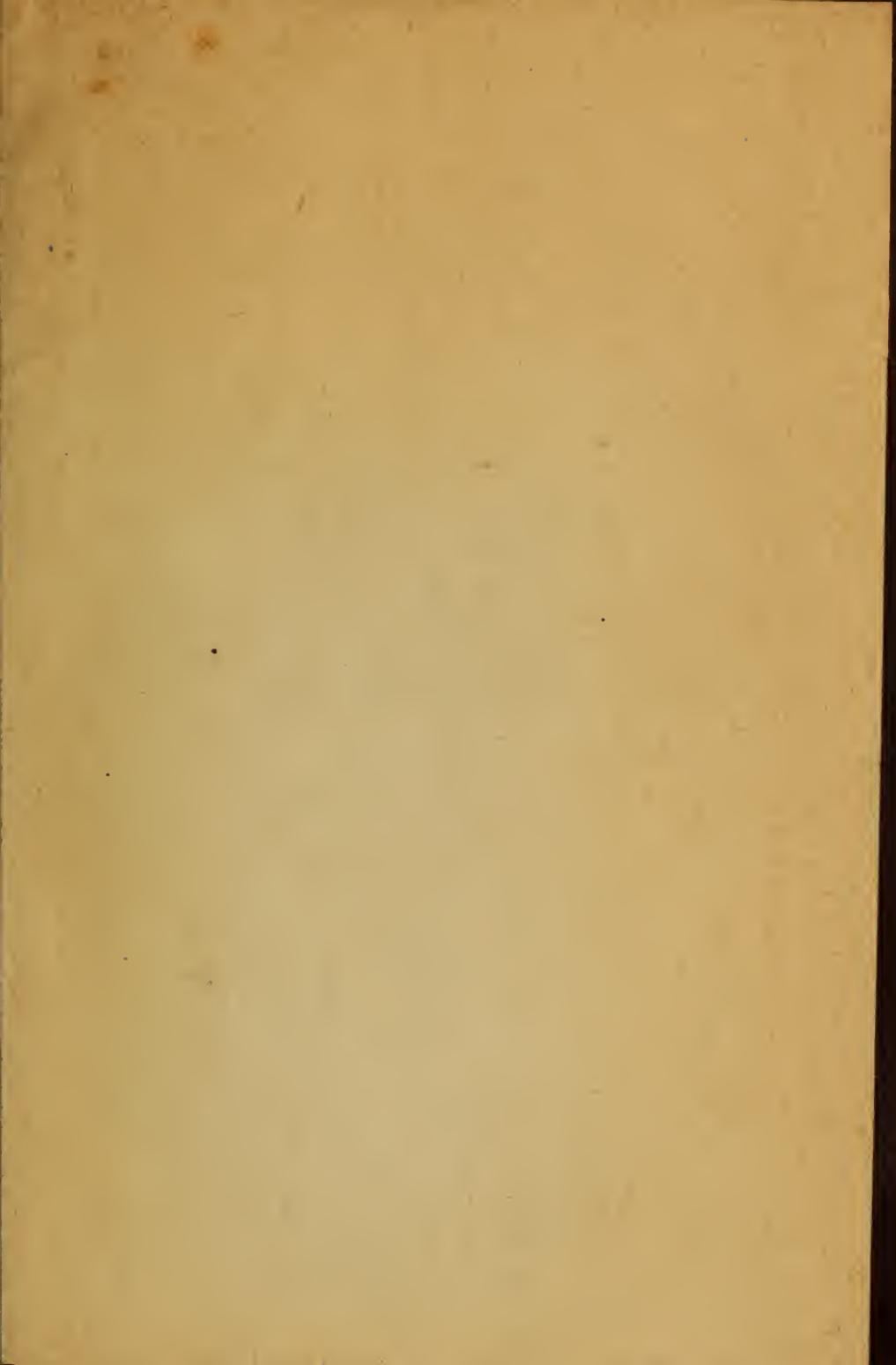
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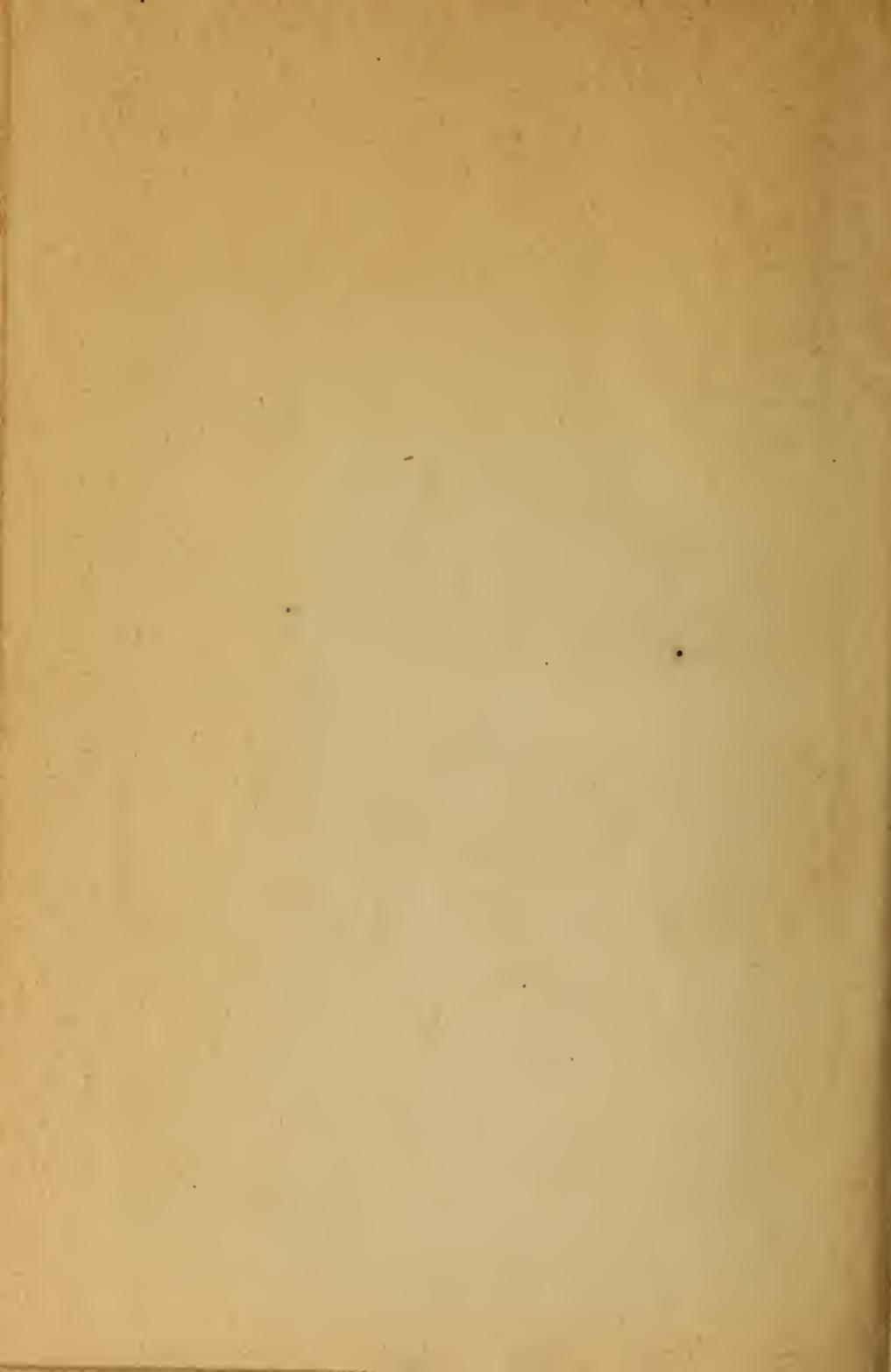
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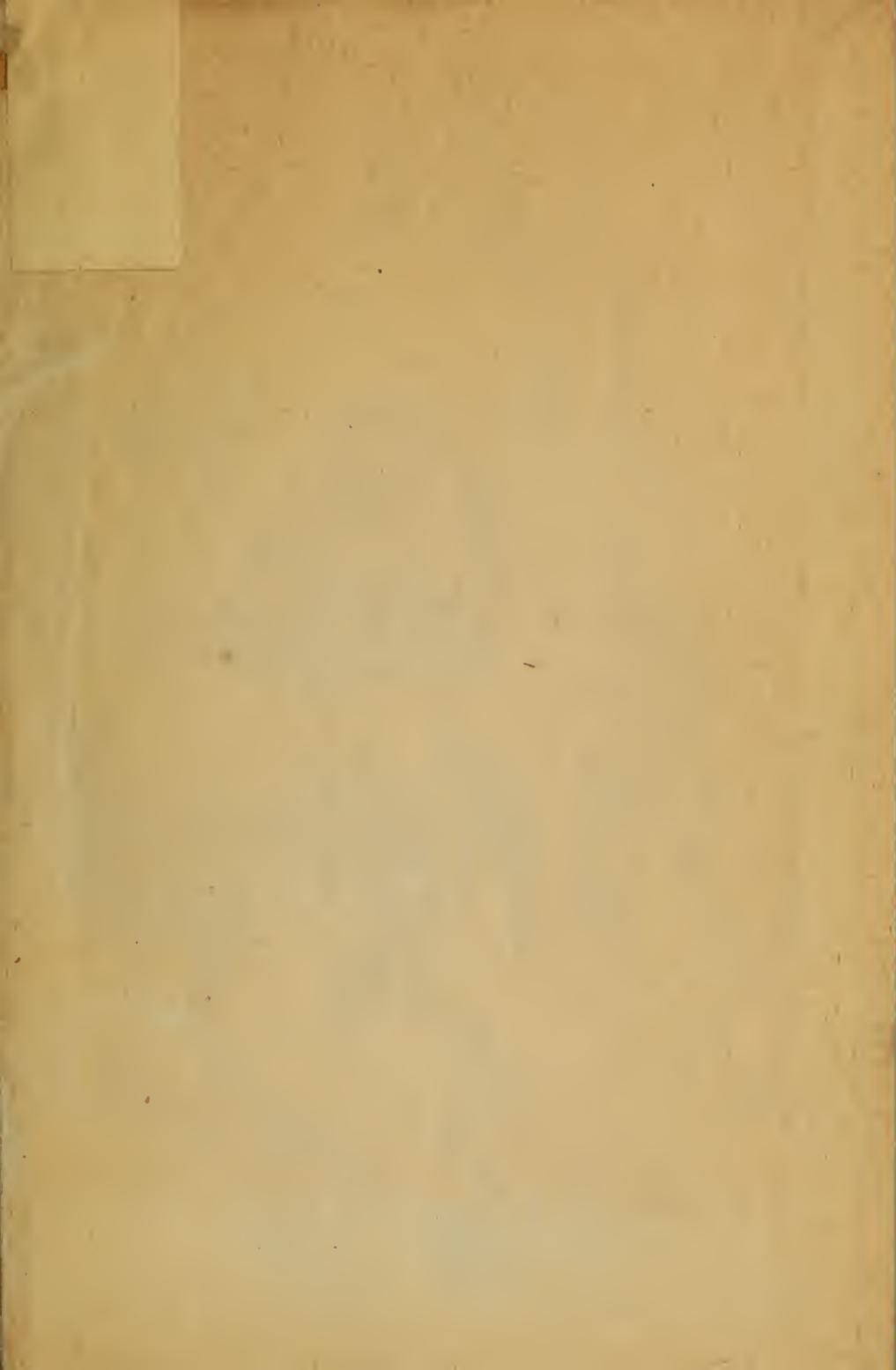
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